BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY
1943

ERIC BAUME
STANLEY JACKSON

FERDINAND TUOHY
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

THE "JESTER" SHOE

by NORVIC

Stamped on the Sole.

A shoe of infinite jest—of most excellent fancy! And yet, not to be desired for its looks alone, for it is a shoe designed for stern use under war-time conditions. Comfort is assured through the principle of the Braced-Foot Fit upon which all Norvic shoes are made.

THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD., NORWICH

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 26, No. 5 MAY, 1943

Cover Design

by *Nat Long*

Articles

A Land Fit for Tourists?:
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations by *Edgar Spenceley* 13 and 54

Men Who Wait:
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 14–15 and 64

The Sea's Greatest Animal:
by *Frank W. Lane* 20 and 52

Old Tales Re-told:
How Ambition and Vanity were Rewarded
Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I. 21–24 and 51

Strife Without End:
by *Laurel Pascal* 25 and 52

Upside-Down Hollywood:
by *Margaret Chute* 29 and 61

Unusual Dogs:
by *"Canis"* 42 and 68

Home Section

On Duty—and Off:
by *Jane Gordon* 33

The Interview: 34

Part Time:
by *Winifred Lewis* 35

Health and Beauty:
by *Chrysis*
The Woman of Fifty: 36
Your Face in the Mirror: 37

Dress:
by *Jean Burnup* 38–39

Embroidering: 40

Are You Knitting Tiny Garments?: 43 and 65

Pinafore Jersey: 43 and 65

Home Work: 44–45

Cookery:
by *Harriet Muir*
One Hot, One Cold 46–47

Mothers Must be Fathers:
by *Louisa Kay* 48

General

This Is Our England: 16

Books:
Reviewed by *Noel Thompson* 41 and 63

Stories

Mamma Mia:
by *Eric Baume*
Illustrations by *Edward Osmond* 9–12 and 51

Portrait of a Gauleiter:
by *Stanley Jackson*
Illustrations by *Jack Faulks* 17–19 and 66

Beloved Torso:
by *Barry Perowne*
Illustrations by *Steven Spurrier* 26–28 and 56

We Owe God a Death:
by *Douglas Sanford Lock*
Illustrations by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 30–32 and 62

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

So little leisure—

but still a duty to preserve that loveliness with

Personality
TURTLE OIL SOAP

Use carefully—like all good things it's scarce

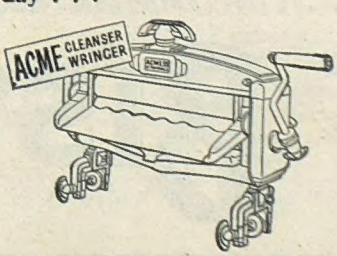
More than a Soap—a Beauty Treatment

1/9
EACH LARGE TABLET
2 COUPONS

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS, ASHBY DE LA ZOUCH

Up at the Hall . . .

they could do with six Acmes instead of one. Fifty convalescents mean a mountain of washing—but that stout little Acme stands up to the strain perfectly. You see there aren't any new Acmes to be had—the makers' former employees have been at action stations since the day war broke out. In the meantime, the Hall's lucky to have even one—most of you will just have to borrow! But some day . . .



Brown's mechanised
his farm so well
When things get ripe
they ring a bell

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston MAKES *the biscuit*

Britain's farmers have shown that our soil can produce bumper harvests of fine-quality crops—and it is mechanisation that has enabled them to do it.

Great quantities of British-grown wheat are used in making Weston Biscuits; wheat that is rich in energy-giving goodness.

Look at it however you like—weight for weight, penny for penny, point for point—you cannot get better all-round value than Weston Biscuits.

WESTON *Biscuits*

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

In Fighting French kitchens
it's JUS for gravy

. . . in British kitchens it's

BISTO

Be as truly smart in your looks as in securing coupon and money value. Liberty Shoes are good—unusually good. Exclusive design achieves altogether exceptional smartness with a degree of comfort and wearing capacity that makes it a real, pleasurable economy to walk with Liberty. Like most good things these days, Liberty Shoes are harder to get, but they are worth waiting for. Liberty Shoes are always economical; Liberty Utility models are more economical still.

Send Card for Liberty Styles
Liberty SHOES LTD. LEICESTER

B.E.5

Washing days can be patriotic days just as much as your days at the Canteen or the First Aid Post.

PAROZONE YOUR LINENS & COTTONS

Fuel must still be saved by every possible means, to meet the urgent demand of essential war work and to build up domestic stocks for the future. And that's where Parozone serves a double purpose to-day . . . Parozoned linens and cottons are a rhapsody in white, and as COLD water only is used with Parozone, you save vital fuel as well.

Wash your white things in the usual way, then soak them overnight in a solution of one teacupful of Parozone to eight gallons of COLD water. When rinsed and wrung out in the morning they will emerge snow-white, fragrant, ready to dry, lovelier than ever before.

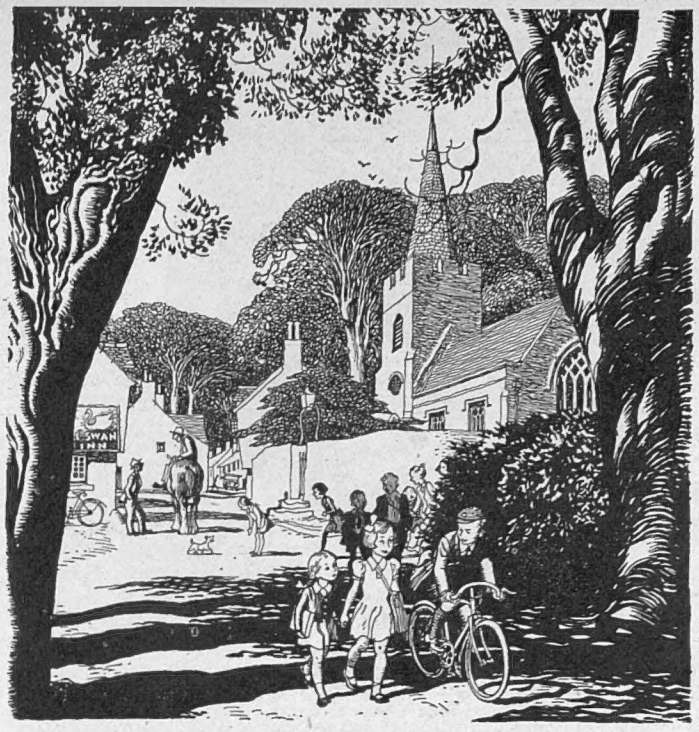
FOR MUSTARD GAS
Parozone should be applied full strength to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately or within five minutes.

Parozone must not be applied near the eyes

PAROZONE REG'D

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

Head Office: Glasgow, Scotland. Also at London and Nottingham



Please leave Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels

★

Like many other good things, the demand for Phillips Rubbers exceeds the supply and your repairer may be temporarily out of stock—*but they are worth waiting for.*

Phillips put the utmost wear into their rubber soles and heels. See that you get the last ounce of wear out of them before you have new ones fitted. Then ask your repairer to see that the old ones go for salvage.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

Precious CRUSTS

No scrap of bread is too small to save — it means saving valuable shipping space. Of course your best and most direct way of helping, is to take less bread into the house. Most households find they can do nicely with three-quarters of the bread they used to buy and yet can give every member of the family all the bread he or she individually needs.

The secret is in eating up every scrap of bread that comes in. Don't forget the end of the loaf. It's the bit that's apt to get left over. You always intended to do something with it. But how often was it thrown out, after all!

Save Bread: Save Ships

4 things you can do

1 **Cut down your purchase (or making) of bread.** Most households find they can do nicely with three-quarters of the bread they used to buy.

2 Put the loaf on the dresser or side table. Cut only as required.

3 Use every crumb.

4 Don't eat bread whilst potatoes are on the table.

Half a slice of stale bread saved by everyone in this country every day, means a convoy of 30 ships a year freed to take munitions or men to our fighting fronts. If you explain this to your family you'll find them eager enough to help you save on bread!

Some ways of using up STALE BREAD

CRISPY PIE-CRUST. Cut bread into dice ½ in. thick. Cover a savoury pie with them, setting the dice closely together. Pour over them a little thin custard (salted) taking care that every piece of bread is moistened. Bake in a brisk oven.

SOAKED BREAD. This is the foundation of a countless number of puddings and cakes. No bread is too stale for it, and there is no need to remove any crust. Break into small pieces, put into bowl, cover completely with cold water and soak thoroughly. If the bread is to be used for a savoury, use vegetable boilings instead of water. Then squeeze the bread *hard*, put back in the bowl and beat with a fork until quite free from lumps and pieces of crust. The beating is most important and makes all the difference between a dull heavy pudding and a smooth, spongy texture.

MINCE SLICES. Mix 8 ozs. mince with 4 ozs. cooked mashed potatoes and 4 ozs. fine crumbs. Season to taste. Roll out on a floured board into an oblong ½ in. thick. Cut into slices and fry in a very little hot fat or grill for 5 to 7 minutes. Serve with leek sauce.

MAKING RUSKS. Cut bread into neat figures, or fancy shapes, about ½ in. thick. Bake in a warm oven until crisp and golden brown. Pack in an air-tight tin. This is a valuable emergency store which will keep good for months.

TURN WASTE INTO DELICACIES!

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S61)

By Appointment to
H.M. King George VI

McVITIE & PRICE'S *Quality* BISCUITS

As good a food
as you can buy

Unfortunately not at present obtainable everywhere but, as thousands will be glad to know, they'll be obtainable everywhere after the war.

McVITIE & PRICE LTD · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

TRIUMPHANT MOTHERHOOD

The women of Britain have discovered a new strength. They are playing a vital part in the drive to Victory. And so when Baby comes it is essential that they should be relieved of all worry about the youngster's food.
When natural feeding fails, every mother can rely upon COW & GATE to make her child a fine citizen of the peaceful future—strong in body and brain and bone.

Please remember COW & GATE must only be used for young infants.

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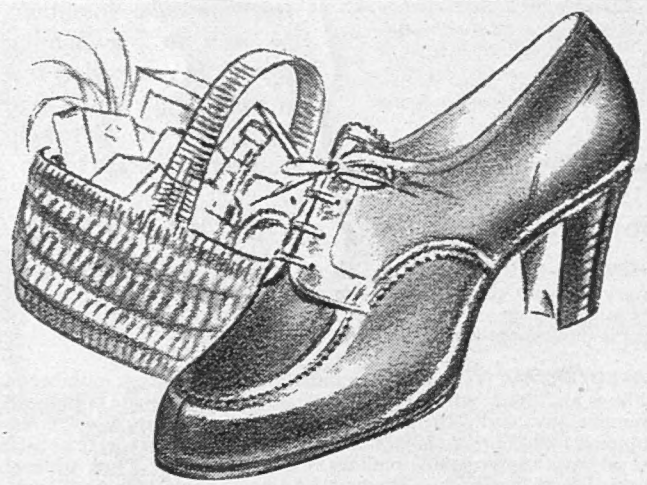
COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it."



This Freedom

The war has emphasized the importance of foot comfort. Feet have so much more to do. 'SWAN' Shoes and 'HEALTH' Shoes are like old friends whose worth is not fully realised until they are tested. The changed times have found these shoes prepared for hard conditions. Women are finding a new freedom in such footwear.

Men's and women's styles for all occasions

Swan shoes — Health shoes

CROCKETT & JONES, Makers of Fine Shoes, NORTHAMPTON.

Don't neglect that grate or stove, for, if you do, any amount of arm-aching drudgery won't bring back the brilliant lustre that was once your pride and joy.

Furmoto Stove and Grate Polish cleans, polishes and kills rust—and does them all quickly with the minimum of rubbing—and what's equally important—there's plenty of Furmoto Stove and Grate Polish about if you find the right shop.

Furmoto
STOVE AND GRATE POLISH

CLEANS ★ POLISHES ★ KILLS RUST

Sold in Bottles, price 1/9
At Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Rd., S.W.9

No need to rub and scrub... be an OCTIMist

OCTIM, the liquid cleaner, makes elbow-grease out of date! OCTIM in hot water works away grease, "lifts" dirt, ready for you to rinse away! Here are eight reasons why you should try OCTIM: 1. OCTIM is soapless, no coupons for this non-abrasive household cleaner. 2. Does all manner of household cleaning. 3. Saves time, money and effort. 4. Fine for washing up, paintwork, greasy stoves, baths, rubber, wood, linoleum whether polished or unpolished. 5. Washes woollies without "felting." 6. Cleans carpets; safe for cleaning clothes. 7. Cleans tapestry, even hide suites. 8. Cannot hurt the hands.

Obtainable from most stores, including Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Selfridges, Bentalls, and Timothy Whites and Taylors. If any difficulty in obtaining OCTIM write to Dept. OP. 16, Simmonds Products Ltd., Great West Rd., London.

OCTIM REG'D. *Made by Simmonds of Sposs fame*

Price 1/10½

THE SEARCHING CLEANER

KENT Best British Brushes

KENT EST. 1777 ENGLAND

The KENT-COSBY "Allure"

PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

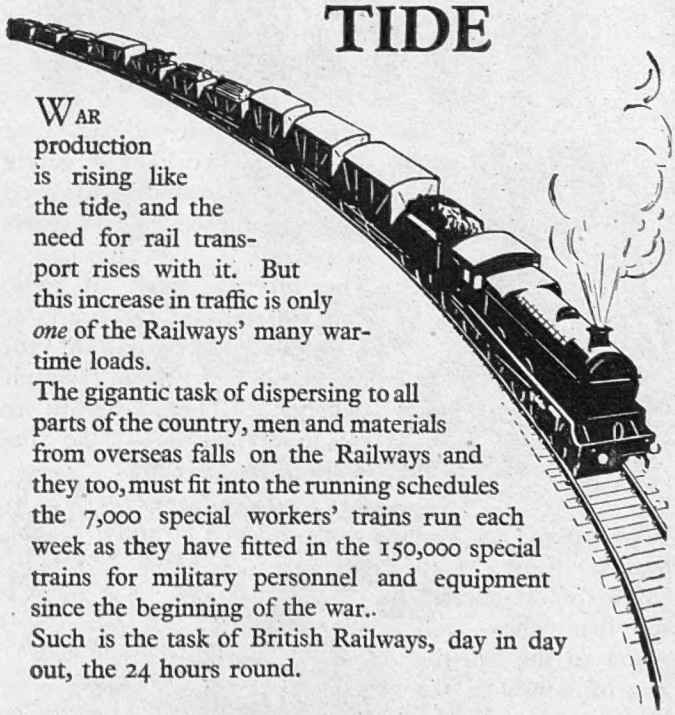
PERFUME PAD

- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

G.B. KENT & SONS LTD. 222 REGENT ST. LONDON W.1.

The EVER RISING TIDE



WAR production is rising like the tide, and the need for rail transport rises with it. But this increase in traffic is only *one* of the Railways' many war-time loads.

The gigantic task of dispersing to all parts of the country, men and materials from overseas falls on the Railways and they too, must fit into the running schedules the 7,000 special workers' trains run each week as they have fitted in the 150,000 special trains for military personnel and equipment since the beginning of the war..

Such is the task of British Railways, day in day out, the 24 hours round.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

GWR · LMS LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load

Quality SO ESSENTIAL TO-DAY

Fully protected against cold and draught, healthy, snug and happy, the modern Kamella-clad baby is indeed a lucky little person.

+

Supplies are, of course, restricted, but it pays to look out for KAMELLA UTILITY GARMENTS.

KAMELLA ☆

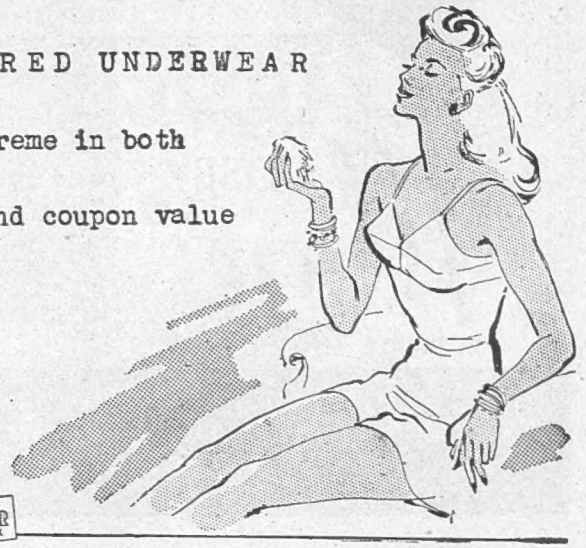
Utility HEALTH GARMENTS

KAMELLA · LTD., BRADFORD

★ because it's Tailored
because it's made in 7 sizes
because it's still made to the
Kayser idea of style and quality

KAYSER

TAILORED UNDERWEAR
is supreme in both
cost and coupon value



KAYSER TRADE MARK

Happier!

..she's eating
MORE WEETABIX
–that's why!

Weetabix is quite the finest food-basis for "happy childhood's future years." Instantly ready to serve; nice with a little margarine or butter; or with fresh or Household Milk and in many other tempting ways. But Weetabix has recently been "zoned" which means that for the time being you may or may not be able to get it, depending on where you live. "Zoning" saves transport, petrol, rubber, man-power and thus helps to hasten victory and peace. Weetabix, like lots of other good things, will then abundantly *and everywhere* return!

Weetabix
MORE than a Breakfast Food
SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½d
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1d
Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. WX26

What lustre! What sheen!

The supply is restricted by the Limitation of Supplies Order, so please use sparingly

WITH A CLOTH AND

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. MJFQ

"TO LIVE WILL BE AN AWFULLY BIG ADVENTURE"

One day the war will end. One day a new world will surely re-awaken around wide-eyed children unused to the ways of peace.

The carefree spirit of Peter Pan will capture the hearts of a young generation on the threshold of fresh, simple delights. Then, slightly to misquote Barrie — "To *live* will be an awfully big adventure."

Wise parents are keeping their children fit and healthy now with 'Milk of Magnesia', so that they will enjoy to the full the zest of youth in the happier years ahead.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

You remember? It was the colours that caught your eye. And the quality of the fabric that made you buy. Now you know another thing about your VANTONA Bedcovers, and about all VANTONA textiles. They're wonderful for wear, and never fade. Some day soon, we hope, your delighted gaze will see in peacetime shop windows, new VANTONA Bedcovers. Lovelier even than those you have and guaranteed in wash and wear by the same VANTONA name tab.

VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers, VANTONA "Blansheets," VANTONA "Morning Joy" Towels and VANTONA Down Quilts, etc.

VANTONA *household* TEXTILES

In the meantime VANTONA continue to co-operate with the Government by producing a limited quantity of Utility Counterpanes, Cotton Blankets, Towels, Sheets, Down Quilts, etc. Look for the Utility tab with the VANTONA brand mark.

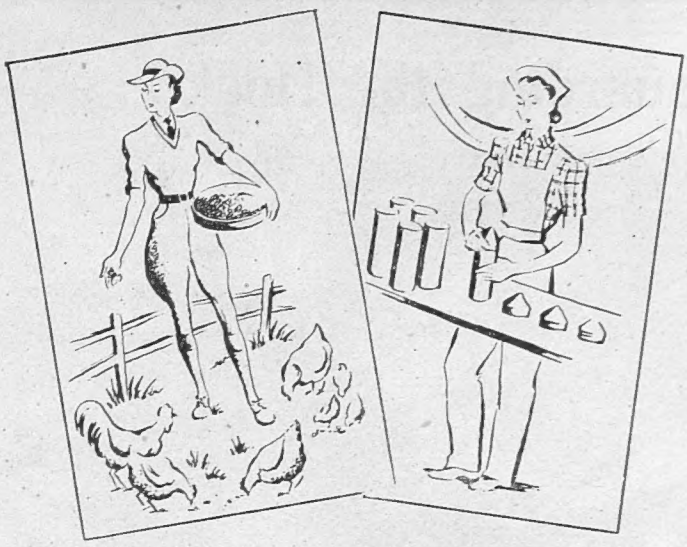
VANTONA TEXTILES LTD. PORTLAND STREET. MANCHESTER

POULTON & NOEL SOUPS

give—
more nourishment . . .
more flavour . . .
and more for your money

P&N
THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY

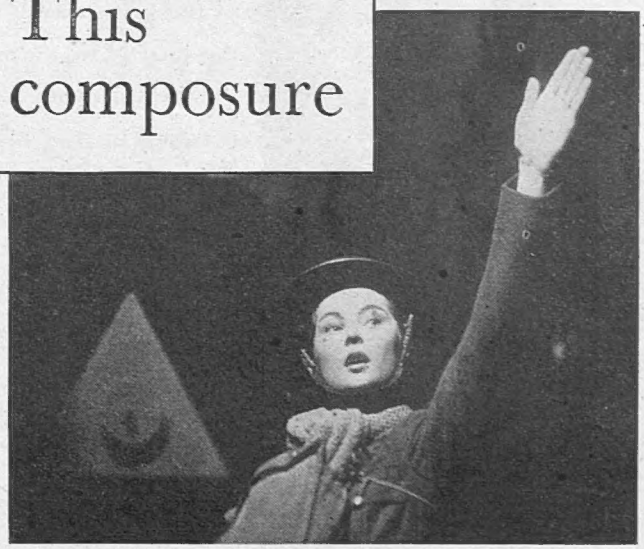
PNO 88A 180 POULTON & NOEL LTD., SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX



FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his *leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.*

CLEANSING MILK BY
Anne French
OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

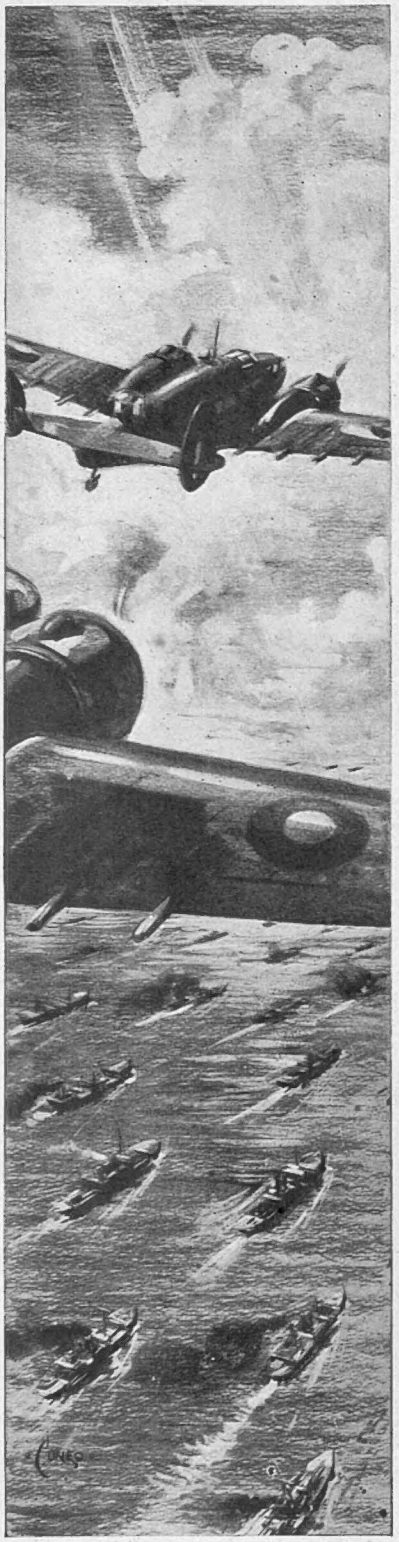
This composure



It is, perhaps, one of the most exciting moments of her life; but . . . the signals from the command post must be accepted and transmitted —calmly, swiftly, efficiently . . . .
We can't all work on Anti-Aircraft instruments. But we *can* all cultivate *sang-froid* in times of danger and difficulty. So that in the years to come the world will ask itself in wonder: "*But for their calmness in those dark and dangerous days . . . . ?*"

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry

guarding the flock . . .

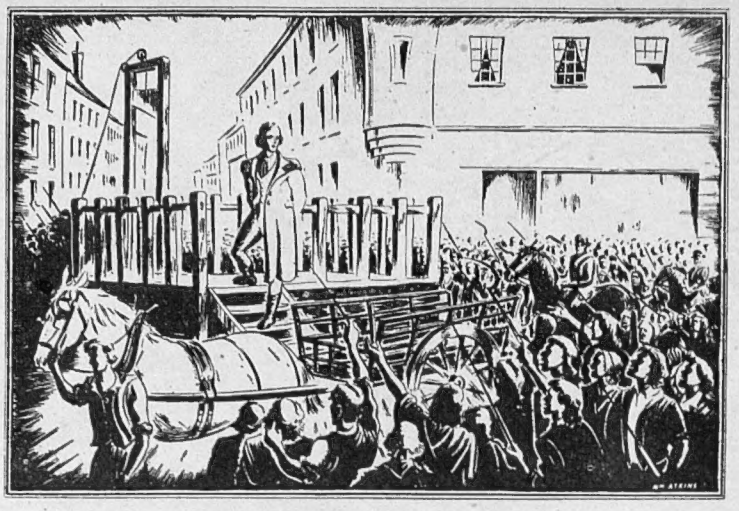


From the ends
of the earth
they come . . . .
our precious ships
and their brave crews
through peril of storm
stalked by wolves
the wolves of the sea —
the U-boats
in packs.
But the Navy is there —
and overhead the planes –
spotting —
bringing the convoy
Home
with its urgent load.
Food, raw materials,
Oil for the tanks,
Munitions —
to feed
the gathering force
of the great assault —
the final blow!
Precious cargoes
precious men — and
the wolves are many.
They multiply
they swarm.
They prowl ceaselessly.
But the convoy
comes home,
for our planes
are overhead
Spotting, swooping,
striking —
guarding the flock.

* * * *

What are we on the home front doing in the war against the U-boats? It is our part to work harder and to save more . . . . to stop waste, to save food and fuel and CUT OUR SPENDING. That is the vital support which we must give to the seamen and the airmen who risk their lives for us. The great thing at this moment when the dawn is breaking is to SAVE MORE.

Issued by the National Savings Committee



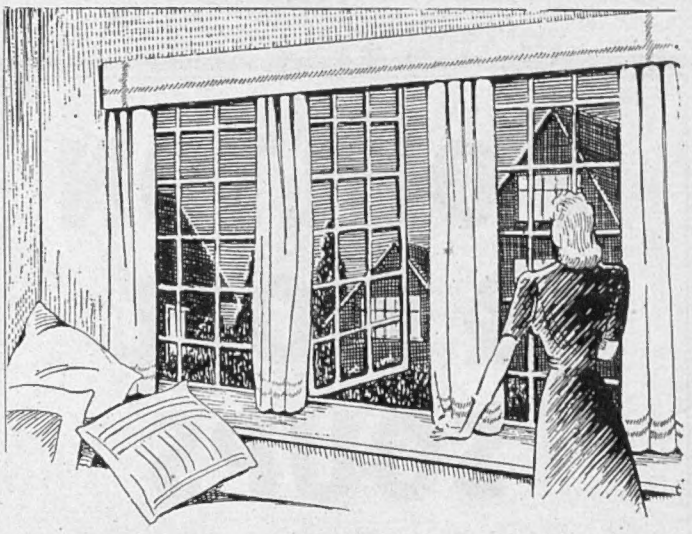
Since 1790...

In the days of the French Revolution, Schweppes Table Waters first became a household word and for 150 years their fame and distinction has become ever more widely known.
Now in the midst of a World Revolution it is the duty and desire of all to make sacrifices to assist towards Victory. Table Waters, as made by Schweppes, will therefore disappear from the market until final triumph is achieved. But then — as subjugated Nations will rise to resume their position in the world, so will these unequalled Table Waters return to their high standard of excellence.

Schweppes

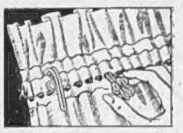
Table Waters

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING



When we banish blackout

The house across the way will seem more friendly with bright lights shining from its unshuttered windows. No more lugubrious blackout curtains. The drapers shop at the corner of the High Street will do a brisk trade in enchanting curtain materials. And things that are scarce now, things like "Rufflette" accessories, will once again be in plentiful supply.



'Rufflette' BRAND
CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS, LTD.

Factories: MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE: FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.
London Office: 156, OXFORD ST., W.1. *Also* British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.

A FRENCH'S PRODUCT

I was very comfortable except that all around me the Italians were drowning

A Mediterranean Incident

Mamma Mia

By Eric Baume

GUY HARRIOTT, the Australian war correspondent from Tobruk, lifted his glass of lager and looked into it. The lounge of the Hotel Cecil in Alexandria, he reckoned, was a pleasant place. Across the square outside cars tooted. All right for them, he thought. No booby traps. No mines. Just the normal routine of an easy life in an easy city.

He glanced across at the British Captain of Artillery, at the Hussar Lieutenant, still in the long coat of the cavalryman, resentful of his armoured vehicles and of the world in general.

Fourth in the group, the Sub-Lieutenant, R.N., finished his drink and stretched. It was grand being able to stretch after the last Malta convoy, he thought. His half-Wellingtons were as crinkled as the smile of an old friend and as soft as a woman's voice. The new ribbon of his D.S.C. still embarrassed him. He found himself unconsciously looking down at it, which, apart from making him squint, also made him blush to the roots of his fair twenty-year-old hair.

A fat Syrian woman, painted and powdered and perfumed, ogled him as she passed. He blushed again. The amount of perfume she has, he said to himself, would be about the amount required to make a fo'c'stle smell less of socks, or a camel hint of verbena.

A young W.A.A.F. officer, svelte in her tropical kit, held his eye for a second. This time she blushed, because when she began to pass him she had been thinking of someone else, and it annoyed her that she was fallible.

Harriott put down his glass. Tall, bespectacled, moustached, he looked more like an infantry captain than a war correspondent. Not for him the rampageous rotundity of a Quentin Reynolds, or the voluble if macabre humour of a George Lait. Harriott, seasoned by years in the desert, spoke sparingly. At Tobruk they never heard from him except when, assisted by Scottish bottled essences, he sang. To hear Harriott sing, a brigadier once suggested, as from his portable office he watched shells bursting outside the perimeter, was to realise that the British Army—apart altogether from Harriott's Australians—had missed a good secret weapon against the Afrika Korps.

Sergeant Fitchett, the Australian official war correspondent in those days, would have concurred. Harriott's magnificent version of Rommel's Afrika Korps song used to change key eight times in four lines—which an ex-tenor in the Army Service Corps remarked was too much for even a private soldier to stand.

But Harriott knew the desert. He knew the war. He knew death, though he wrote about it sparingly, with himself always in the background—a style of writing to-day so rare among those who write the war with the troops.

"The water was warm," said Harriott.

The Hussar suddenly awoke, and drank. The Artillery Captain, waving to one of the Cecil boys—for it was a hot day and he was thirsty—muttered a polite "Reahlly." The Sub-Lieutenant leant forward, as only one can lean forward at twenty, interested, seeking, earnest.

"What happened, sir?"

Harriott looked at him. "The name is Guy," he said. "You can reserve the other stuff for the big shots, not for the camp followers. All I said was the water was warm."

The Sub-Lieutenant blushed. "Yes," he said, "it's very warm, actually. But why especially do you say that?"

Harriott glared at him. "It was warm because it was warm, and although it was icy cold with horror, I still think it was warm. We got out of Tobruk in the morning. We had about seven hundred Italian prisoners on board, and, believe me, boy, they were packed. I had an old lifebelt on, one of the old type. I like 'em. It kept me afloat for five hours, anyway. But it was warm. The dive-bombers got to us first. I remember as I watched 'em I kept looking at the water-front, thinking of that Australian digger who was so damned angry when the first job he had was to supervise some dames who hadn't had the sense to get out, and thought they'd like to make a speech of welcome to the incoming Commandant to tell him it was business as usual. The digger had to mount guard over the joint. Anyway, the water was warm."

The Sub-Lieutenant nodded. "Yes, extremely warm, I gather."

Harriott looked him square in the eye. "They beat off the dive-bombers; well, we did, too. Not much trouble there. I remember one near miss which put the wind up me. The *Luftwaffe* boys weren't playing games. At that time they meant a lot of business. Some of the Italians went green and looked like their own olives—or, are most of the olives green?"

The Sub-Lieutenant was very pleased. "Oh, yes, sir!" he said. "You see, on the Island of Milos, and, of course, in Greece itself——"

"Oh, yes," said Harriott. "I remember, too. And the big jars, and the black ones, and the olive oil. But the

Sometimes a tiny wavelet touched his finger nails as though with understanding and with pity

Italians were green. A lot of them were praying. And then the dive-bombers went away and we got out, and I don't know what happened then, except that we blew up. I was in the wardroom having a pretty good large one. The next thing I knew was there wasn't any wardroom and I was in the water, and it was warm. I remember seeing the engineer commander's head—but that, after all, isn't so much this story. Anyway, the water was warm. It was like swimming off Manly Beach in Sydney in the old days when I was on the *Sydney Morning Herald*. A man could get brown there in an hour and then go along the Corso."

The Sub-Lieutenant said: "It must be a jolly place, Manly Beach."

"Yes," said Harriott, "the water is very warm. The next thing I knew was that I seemed to be alone in a sea of Italians. In this kind of war you do your best, but you can't give help to everybody. You've got to look after your own blokes in your convoy, and you don't get lifebelts for nothing. I was very comfortable except that all around me the Italians were drowning. Some of them drowned very gracefully. Some made a hell of a fight for it. Some cried like kids. Some prayed like monks. Some were contorted. Some were passive. Some were unconscious. Some were already dead from the explosion. But in that warm water every one of them who could speak called 'Mamma mia, Mamma mia, Mamma mia,' until I could hear nothing else; and I heard nothing else when I got picked up and went back to Tobruk, and I could hear nothing else for days."

The Hussar took a little interest. "All the chaps rather called for their mother, I assume, eh?"

The Artillery Captain looked at him. "It appears to me that's what Harriott's been saying, old chap, for some minutes."

The Hussar glared back. "I don't think the thing's true at all, actually," he said. "A war correspondent's got to write a lot of jolly old stuff, you know. Don't see the sense of calling for your mother. Never did it when I fell off a horse. In fact, never remember very much about my mother. Rather a pretty woman, the old boy told me. He had an eye for pretty women."

The Artillery Captain was restless. "Anyway, it's all too serious. Let's go along to the Phaleron. You coming?"

He and the Hussar rose.

"I've got to work," said Harriott. "I'm going back to England to-morrow, and I've got a lot of things to do."

The Sub-Lieutenant sat where he was. "I'm not coming, thanks very much, sir," he said. "I'm rather tired." When the two had gone he turned to Harriott. "Do you think," he said, "that it helped them?"

Harriott came out of a brown study. "Helped them? Oh, yes," he said, "you mean calling for Mamma mia. I wouldn't know."

The Sub-Lieutenant nodded. "I was interested," he said, "because Mummy—my mother—died six months ago in one of those little coastal raids. I was wondering."

Harriott looked at him again. "I don't know what good they got out of it," he said. "All I know is they died and I didn't. The water was warm, and I'm going back to London duty for a while, and I'd rather be in the desert. Let's walk along the water-front for half an hour and let's go down and have a coffee on the way to the flying-boat base."

They moved out of the lounge.

THE Sub-Lieutenant, by opening an eye painfully, could just see the rim of Pantalleria, blue-grey on the horizon, shimmering sometimes when the sun caught a cliff and painted it with the spectrum. The lower half of the Sub-Lieutenant's body lay under water which barely swirled, within the Carley float the Mediterranean was so calm. What was left of his right foot dangled redly in water which might have been within an operating theatre's bucket. His fair hair was over his eyes, occasionally ruffled by a rustling zephyr. His chin and broken jaw were pillowed in the unresisting rubber of the raft, supporting him as gently as Nature herself, so that, as he could not move, his rest was

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

real, and there was no hardness where his poor face lay.

The zephyr which had come from Crete vaguely caressed the flat calm of the sea. The Sub-Lieutenant's arms and hands, white beneath grime, rested as gracefully as those of a ballet dancer preparing to lift his partner in a gentle movement from "Swan Lake." The one, curled backwards, rested in the water within the float; the other bent in a gentle semi-circle over the edge of the raft. Sometimes a tiny wavelet touched his finger nails as though with understanding and with pity.

Only his mind was his own, and he was grateful. Within his tumbled thoughts half-an-hour was as a thousand years, and his destroyer was in the limbo between them. Within the Sicilian Narrows, as he remembered—and his thoughts were coming easily to him, for he was without pain—a split second had given the *Luftwaffe* boys their chance, and on the very edge of a careening turn the bomb had smashed down into the engine-room behind the bridge, and forward and abaft had separated smoothly, as far as he could remember, and there had been nothing left but some steam, oil, dead men and dying men, and Number One's outsize in feet.

The Sub-Lieutenant remembered what he had been saying. The Owner, as all owners do from their little chair up on the right of a destroyer's bridge, had abused the sub, as subs are meet to be abused. The sub's answer always has been the sub's answer since gunrooms in the bigger ships had existed and since the Navy had become as much of England as a crocus in the early spring. At his rangefinder—for she was an old ship—the Sub had said, "Range 3,400, lengthening." Had his lips been able to move he would have curved them in a cheerful smile at the remembrance. That range had to do with Captain Alessandro Totelli and his merchantman, which was about to be dealt with. But the Junkers dived from the blue sky in spite of the anti-aircraft fire against it—and that had been that.

The Sub-Lieutenant became philosophical, as youth in need of Extreme Unction can turn to ever-deepening discussion, which, because the Ultimate is so close, cannot be designated as introspection.

"Benghazi — ours! Tripoli — soon! Supply ships into Tobruk, into Benghazi! Fleet Air Arm over the Gulf of Sirte! Gosh, it's wizard!"

Had the Sub-Lieutenant known Alexis Carrel as well as he knew Captain Marryat or Ginger Rogers, he might have recalled a passage on death, which had given peace to those whose lives hang upon the whimsy of an organ or the capacity of a cell not to break down. As gently as a mother's touch he was resting before his final rest, as Carrel told a fearful world all living people do.

His face twitched slowly. "I didn't, Mummy," he said. "I never did. Father punished me for it. You told me I'd been fibbing, but I didn't throw Turk out of that second-storey window. John Fortescue did, but it was an accident, and all I know was when I rushed downstairs and picked up Turk, and his leg was broken, and Turk died and I was unhappy."

From the other end of the Carley float a voice answered him. "But I knew you didn't do it. I told Daddy that you didn't do it, and he said, because he loved you so much, that he thought you were telling a fib. And because I loved Daddy so much, I didn't tell you, because it would help you to be a man, even though you'd been punished unfairly."

The Sub-Lieutenant for an infinitesimal time assumed that in his comfortable half-sleep he was answering himself. But the voice continued. "Why don't you sit up and turn round? How can I give you a glass of milk while I'm having tea if you will lie on the grass? Come on, Peter."

He sat and turned, and where there had been sea there was now grass, and the smell of little flowers in it; yellow flowers which he loved, and a tea-table, and his mother in the blue dress he had liked so much, and the long skirt, because she would never change to the abbreviations of the 'twenties.

"Mummy," he said, "I didn't throw Turk out of the window."

She passed him his glass of milk. "I couldn't get Daddy to-day," she said. "I don't know where he is at the moment, but I've been trying to get in touch with him because I know he wants to see you now, as well as afterwards. But when you see him he'll tell you again."

The sun caught the redness of her hair, and she smiled. "I'll have to send you into the house to wash those grubby knees before Daddy gets back. I really don't know how on earth you get them so dirty."

The Sub-Lieutenant reached for her hand and held it. "You're looking so well," he said. "You're a very beautiful woman."

She smiled at him again. "What a nice man that Australian was," she said. "I remember him telling you in Alexandria about the Italians."

The Sub-Lieutenant looked closely into her face, and as he did so the green of the grass and the yellow of the flowers was again the blue of the Mediterranean, and there were tiny eddies and the occasional bubbles and swirl as a fish pressed through the confines of his home to look at the sky under which he could not live and to feel the air which never could he breathe.

The mother sat comfortably on the edge of the Carley float, dipping her hand into the water. "I remember you were talking to Harriott about the Italians. In war, as your father used to say before Narvik, people make the great mistake of imagining that the deeper things of your soul finish, because of the hatred and the horror. Every time I looked above the mantelpiece in the study at your father's medals, I knew that he knew that no man ever dies alone."

He was walking along with her now up the hill by the sixth hole at Grasslands, and she was striding, as she always strode, with the apple-red of health in her cheeks, and the freckles above the cheekbone like a few hundreds and thousands on the sweet biscuits she used to give him.

"You never were a nuisance," she said. "Now you're at Dartmouth I find you a pretty good sort of chap, if a trifle expensive."

He laughed. "You know, Mummy, it isn't a question of wanting to spend, but you know what happens, don't you? You remember the first time I saw a letter on your desk from the bank about an overdraft. I was fourteen, and I cried because I thought you were stealing something from somebody."

She reached her ball, a tiny bit in the rough—still an easy iron shot to the green. "I am with you," she said. "I am never alone. Your father knew I would never be alone as long as you were there. Give me that iron—and stop smoking so many cigarettes. You know you're not allowed to. Or, big as you are, I'll deal with you."

It was always like that. Old Jump, the black retriever, wandering aimlessly along the fairway until he came to the couple, reached the Sub-Lieutenant and licked his hands. Funny old chap, Jump. Used to behave like a great fat, loafing, lazy, cowardly hound until a stranger came up. Old Jump licked his hands again. The Sub-Lieutenant moved just a fraction. "But I didn't throw Turk out of the window," he said. "I never threw him out, and I told Georgina I didn't, and Georgina knew I didn't. Only you and Daddy said I did, and I knew I didn't."

(*Continued on page* 51)

A split second had given the Luftwaffe boys their chance, and on the very edge of a careening turn the bomb had smashed down into the engine-room behind the bridge, and forward and abaft had separated smoothly

A Land Fit For Tourists ?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE English Sunday, with its closed, closed. everything closed, is ghastly to foreigners

ERNEST BEVIN has launched the idea that post-war Britain will be capable of attracting great numbers of tourists from the world at large. "Britain has something to sell. People from overseas will want to see those who stood up to the blitz. Why should they not? I believe there is a magnet of attraction in this country; but it has to be organised."

This is one of the three goals "Ernie" has set himself with his Catering Bill. The others are, giving the British themselves a fuller holiday deal in their own country, and employing up to 1,500,000 in the hotel and catering trades compared with a third of that number before the war.

ALL luck to Bevin if he thinks he is going to get good cooking in foreign eyes from 100,000 ex-Army cooks

My belief is that Mr. Bevin is likely to succeed with his second aim and partially with his third. When he visualises far better holidays for British people, sensibly staggered and free from overcrowding, real health-giving holidays, organised on a far more ambitious scale than in the past, he speaks as one convinced that the masses want their leisure organised for them, and he is doubtless right. He will be able to cash in on an enormous surge of holiday-making directly the war is over. And this will mean employment for hundreds of thousands in excess of pre-war days.

Maybe in years to come Britain will attract the workers of foreign countries—such as Soviet Russia—travelling under "strength through joy" conditions akin to those Bevin himself originally laid down for the Workers' Travel Association.

But that is emphatically not the type of tourist that our boomsters have in mind for immediately after the war, and frankly I do not believe the wanted type will materialise in anything like the expected numbers.

Admittedly Britain *could* have something to sell. She will be a bigger centre of interest than ever she has been in the past, although Bevin puts this in a quaint way when he suggests that No. 1 bait for foreigners will be the prospect of their seeing us and our ruins. As it happens, something like a revolution in the nation's way of life in public will have to occur before this country is sold as a tourist proposition approaching even half a dozen lands quite close at hand.

It is just as well to say so because the tourist traffic is of value not only as source of revenue to hotels, etc., but on account of the number of tourists who mix business with pleasure, buying products of the country wherein they are relaxing. We are likely to lose these tourists and buyers to other countries just as we did in the past because these other lands not only had a reputation for giving a "better time" but did give it.

THIS matter was put to the test ten or eleven years ago after sterling had nose-dived, meaning that foreigners might cross to these normally dear islands at no greater outlay than that entailed by visiting one another. We started travel bureaux all over the place, and spent a mint on artistic hoardings alone, depicting this pleasant land. "Come to Britain!" But did the foreigners swell "invisible exports" in hard times? Beyond a temporary spurt in the regular American stream and some slight additional patronage by the better-off continental element, the only effect was an increase of (usually) day-trippers whose spendings were of no consequence. Dominions' visitors were actually lost because their currencies had cracked with our own.

A vigorous campaign had been waged under three main heads :—

Radical recasting of the licensing laws;

Preservation of the beauty and amenities of towns and countryside;

Copious, world-wide advertising;

but foreigners did not take that opportunity to visit us in the 'thirties—hard for some though not for all of them—in anything like the volume that we continued *quand même* to visit the Continent. So we may well ask ourselves, as we have not altered as hosts, why foreigners should rush to our shores after this war, no matter what the "interavailability" of land, sea and air travel dangled before them.

Even if blitzed people and their local highlights constituted the stellar attraction Bevin thinks they will, would not the tendency be to visit the far bigger counter-attraction of Russians who stood up in Russia? But of course this is all nonsense. Foreigners will not be ruin-minded but quite the reverse. They will not have the means to go sightseeing abroad, but neither will they have the appetite for quite a lengthy period. They will be far too taken up with trying to mend their own broken lives, homes and countries, with treasuring as much as they can recover or rebuild, and seeking to fashion a reborn enjoyment on their own native heaths. (*Continued on page* 54)

ON the "likes" side of Allied troops over here are the girls in slacks

Men Who

KING GUSTAV OF SWEDEN
One false move and his six million Swedes suffer the fate of their neighbours

HE had come from Stockholm by indirect routes through and over the jungles of Hitler's Europe, and as he talked I could see the water below the old king's palace, deep blue after the thaw, and drifts of blue and yellow on the ski slopes where the spring flowers had thrown off their blanket of snow. I thought of "diplomats' beach" on the Tyrrhenian at Castel Fusano, and the "last town in Europe," with its lighted windows looking out to the British "aircraft carrier," and over the ocean moat to America, forging her mighty sword.

I wished I could see as clearly into the the minds of men whose familiar faces were silhouetted against the background of the springtime Europe I knew so well. I had asked my friend from Sweden what King Gustav was doing these days. "Just waiting," he replied.

He's not the only one! In the mountains and forests, villages and towns, palaces and prisons, government offices and ghettoes, they are only living in to-day with the fringe of their minds. Behind the fringe, they wait. For what? To get a clue, one has to glance at some of these men who wait, in hope, or fear.

Gustav V, long and lean, a king for thirty-four of his eighty-four years, leaves his three-century-old palace to review conscript troops kept with the colours for 450 days now. He returns to O.K. defence bills twelve times the size of those of 1936. Daily he marks on the East Front map in his study the ebb-and-flow of the giant struggle between Teuton and Slav. One false move, and his six million Swedes suffer the fate of their neighbours, the Baltic State trio, occupied by Stalin's troops; or Norway, occupied by Hitler's troops; or Finland, bled white by two wars, both lost, in three years.

RISTO RYTI
The Germans have eight divisions in Finland. Ryti is as responsible as any one for their presence

There's a story that King Gustav solved a problem in neutrality which worries his Government. The Germans tried to get a Swedish contingent for their anti-Red crusade. Ten Swedes volunteered. They were refused exit permits; but, the premier told the King, they might slip over the frontier. "Double the guards and order them to shoot after one challenge," said the King. "If there are Swedes who wish to die in this quarrel, we should spare them the long journey to Russia."

Risto Ryti must regret the June day when he could have cast his vote for a like neutrality, and did not take the opportunity offered. He can take Finland out of her second war with Russia by giving Stalin the Karelian gateway to the Russian fortress. But what then? The Hun has eight divisions in Finland. Ryti is as responsible as any one for their presence.

He was head of the Bank of of Finland, then Premier, and then President, with an Electoral College vote of 288 to 12. He was thirty-one when the four million Finns achieved independence for the first time in eight centuries, after the first World War, in which half the Finns who fought, joined the German and half the Russian army, Marshal Mannerheim was fifty-three, and a major-general in the Russian army then. But when Red Guards tried to keep Finland in the Russian fold after the Revolution, Mannerheim, with German aid, drove them out, and Finland was free—as free as any little state can be which has the misfortune to live on a main strategic highway between two great mutually hostile powers.

Now Ryti waits to see if the Anglo-Saxons eventually will solve Finland's perpetual problem. It's tough. Ryti was so long finding someone to take on the jobs of premier and foreign minister last winter that a Finnish officer declared: "We should bring a couple of guns to Parliament House, and help them decide."

On the upper floor of a big office block in Oslo, a dumpy little man with pig eyes in an obstinate face waits for the Fuehrer to summon him to Berchtesgaden, and say: "I appoint you satrap of The Greater Norway. Your domain will follow the old Norse road westwards, and take in Greenland, Scotland, Ulster, and the isles between. As the Swedes have disbelieved in our New Order, I have thrown in Sweden as your eastern province. All Scandinavians will be brought under your rule in your own land. Those who do not freely return will be sent. Heil!"

Then a Mosquito bomb, a drifted British mine, or an irate Terboven on the phone from King Haakon's summer palace at Bygdo, waken Vidkun Quisling to present realities. He does not accept present realities. That explains him. He has so completely rationalised himself that he may die convinced that his only error was to be born before his time, although his countrymen feel that his real error was to be born at all, to add to world language a name which is a synonym for treachery.

After a spell as military attaché in Russia, he sat down in 1930 and wrote a turgid book on the theme that the Russians intend to wash over Scandinavia down to Trondheim. He proposed a Scandinavian-British-German alliance to stop this Slav swarming.

VIDKUN QUISLING
His countrymen feel it was an error he was ever born

KING BORIS OF BULGARIA
Waits with the dangerous quiet of a poker player who watches faces and gauges forces

FRITZ CLAUSEN
He leads the Danish Nazis, reckoned at 50,000 out of 3,600,000 Danes

ANTE PAVELICH
He took over when the Duke of Spoleto was proclaimed King of Croatia, but who wisely failed to turn up for his coronation

GENERAL DRAJA MIHAILOVICH
Leads the Serb guerrillas and is the only member of an exile government to function in his native land

Wait

In the Jungles of Hitler's Europe, Kings and Quislings Guerrillas and Dictators, alternate between Hope and Fear as they watch the Giant Russo-German Struggle, and wonder when, where and how the massing Anglo-Saxons will strike

By C. Patrick Thompson

PIERRE LAVAL
As he waits he strengthens his Prætorian Guard. A cunning lawyer, he has kept strictly to legal forms

(*Right*)
ANTONIO DE OLIVEIRA SALAZAR
The "Invisible Dictator" of Portugal. Invited to make his country contented and prosperous, gathered a team and started to make a corporative state

Among the few who read Quisling's *Russia and Ourselves* were the Nazi psychologists and psychiatrists, specialists in detecting fixations. Consequently in due course the swastika invaders brought over the dumpy major in their baggage, and unpacked him in Oslo. He imagined that King Haakon and the Storting would invite him to form a new pro-German government. Instead, King and Parliament retired north, to Hamar and Elverum, refusing to parley while Quisling was in the picture.

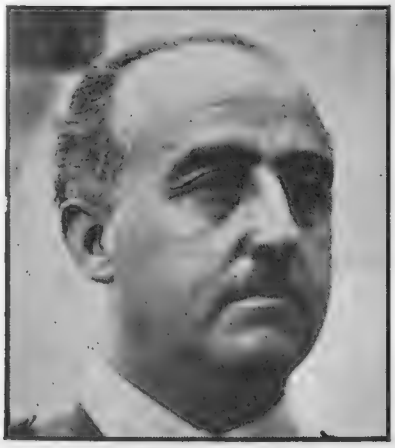
For five months Reichs-General Christiansen and Commissioner Terboven tried to persuade the Norwegians to collaborate, depose the King, dissolve the legal Government, elect a new one pledged to collaboration. Failing, they took Quisling out of cold storage, and made his *Nasjonal Samling*—which polled under three per cent of the total vote in Norway's last election—the only legal party.

And, protected by eight regiments of *Hirdmen*, moronic-minded young roughs who fringe even the best of civilised communities, and with Gestapo chief Paul Rediess—listed for execution after the war on charges of wholesale torture and shooting — to suppress risings, Quisling has functioned as puppet Chief of State ever since.

There's a man in Denmark who doubtless grows uneasy as he waits. His name is Fritz Clausen. A South Jutland physician, he leads the Danish Nazis, reckoned as 50,000 out of 3,600,000 Danes. He founded his own paper a year before the invasion. Nazi money sustained it. But it was Danish and not German wit which changed its name from *Faedrelandet* (Fatherland) to *Forraedrelandet* (Traitor's Land). (*Continued on page* 64)

ANTON MUSSERT
This Dutch Nazi must wonder wha will happen when the lights go on again

GENERAL ION ANTONESCU
The Rumanian Chief of State. His country s a plastic structure held together by the wire of a division of S.S. troops



GENERAL FRANCO
Those who know him say that he is waiting for the Anglo-Americans to reach the Danube before the Russians cross the Vistula

GENERAL GUISAN
Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces of Switzerland; could keep his army of 500,000 strong, fighting for two years

BENITO MUSSOLINI
There are various stories of what the Italian Cæsar thinks he is waiting for. Sixty years old in July, he has aged fast in the last two years

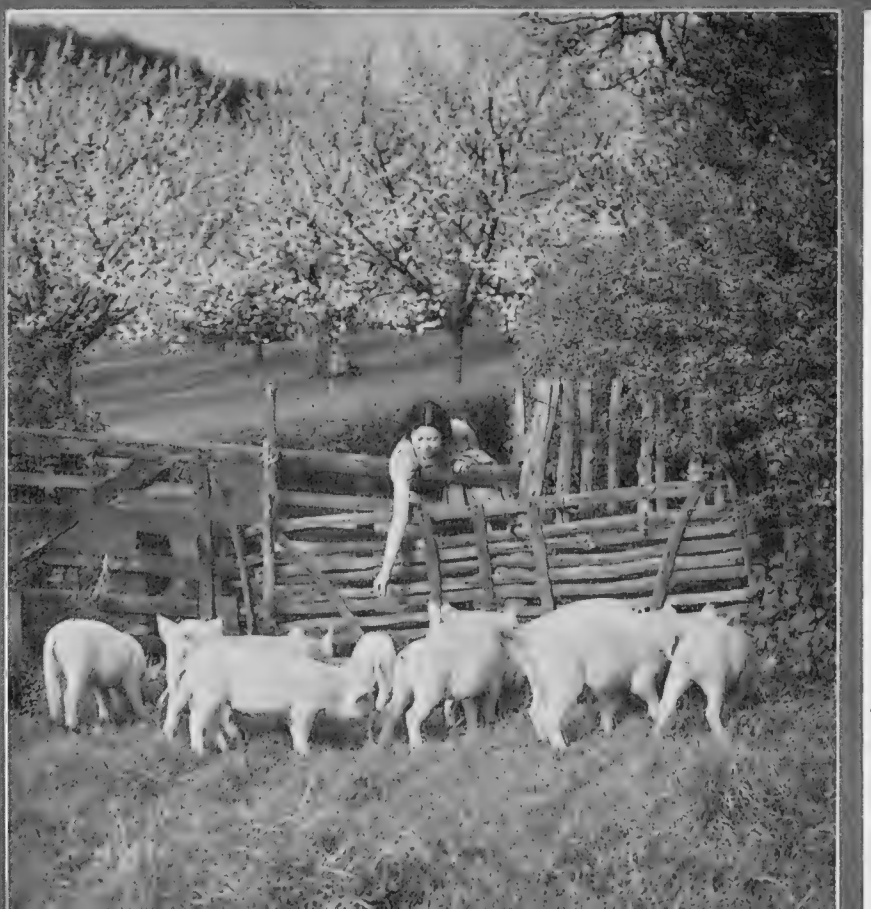
Not so far from the madding crowd. Cutting a rich crop of hay near Harpenden, Herts

Photographs by E. W. Tattersall

This Is Our England

Cocking up the hay. A view taken near Langdale Pikes, Westmorland

Harrows at work preparing the land for the good seed. A charming spring picture taken at Stoke D'Abernon, Surrey



A promise of fruit and bacon. Cherry trees in blossom, and young porkers in a Kent orchard

Portrait Of A Gauleiter

Impersonating His Excellency and escaping from Brussels with Important Documents was just another Performance in an Actor's Life

By Stanley Jackson

THREE men, led by the young giant from the "bistro," carried Werner up M. Haller's handsome staircase and into the studio

FOR the purposes of the occupation the city of Brussels had been divided into six sections, each governed absolutely by a gauleiter. It was Major-General Werner's great misfortune to be given the fashionable First Sector, a misfortune entirely due to his own energetic wirepulling.

Werner had risen rapidly with the Hitler régime. A staunch party member, he had friends in the Gestapo who had given him valuable inside information about companies whose Jewish directors were about to be sent to Dachau and similar places of enlightenment. It had been easy to buy up thriving concerns for nominal sums. As he always paid handsomely for his information and contributed with an open hand to party funds, he became extremely wealthy without losing his popularity.

Promoted a general (supplies) at the outbreak of war, he had proved something of an embarrassment to the High Command through his barefaced acceptance of bribes. Worse still, from the point of view of his fellow brass-hats, was his vulgar penchant for gaudy uniforms. "There is no room for two Goerings in the Reich," murmured one of his adjutants when the gallant general dressed himself in breeches, high boots and spurs for an interview with some business men. A supplies general in spurs. Even the most fanatical party men smiled behind their hands.

When Belgium was overrun General Werner arrived in the country to help organise the looting. Late in 1942, someone in the Wilhelmstrasse was chuckling over a cartoon of Werner, privately circulated, when he recalled that the bespurred general knew something about wartime Belgium. Discreet little memos were passed and wires pulled in the right direction. In the end, Werner was appointed to Brussels with the title of Excellency. He was delighted, and the Reichswehr breathed a deep sigh of relief.

He installed himself at once in the fashionable Hotel de l'Europe and had it redecorated like a series of comic-opera settings. A famous chef was conscripted to serve his needs. To emphasise his culture, he "confiscated" several art galleries and hung a remarkable collection of ill-assorted paintings in his new headquarters.

His little eyes had screwed up greedily when he was offered a choice of sectors in Brussels. Without hesitation he had selected that divided neatly by the Avenue Léopold. This gave him supreme jurisdiction over the best restaurants and theatres, thereby ensuring splendid food and the company of actresses. General Werner had missed the fair sex in his military career. Instead of dining with pretty women he had had to barter with dull grocers and wholesale drapers. But now all would be different. Brussels wasn't quite Paris, but it was a very fair substitute.

Poor Werner, in selecting his sector, could not have anticipated that trouble would come from that very world which was expected to make up for his previous disappointments. He was most unfortunate in having the famous night club, "Le Perroquet," in his jurisdiction. For "Le Perroquet" lived entirely on the talents of Tricot.

You may have seen Tricot at Ostend or Blankenberghe in the summers before the war. A man of commanding presence with a dry wit like the late Will Rogers and a genius for mimicry. He could imitate any male on two legs in half a dozen languages.

Apart from the king, he was the most popular man in Belgium. Somehow, he managed to maintain his neutrality even when the Germans moved in. "Le Perroquet" still served marvellous food, and German officers liked to feed there and laugh at Tricot's sly jokes. When he dressed up as the new gauleiter in a white uniform and two rows of medals the Nazi audiences laughed louder than ever.

The fun started when His Excellency himself supped one night with an actress at "Le Perroquet." Every one thought that the famous imitation would be dropped from Tricot's repertoire for that evening. Tricot had different ideas. The management wrung its collective hands and begged him to do something else. He waved cheerily at the orchestra and waddled on the stage in his white uniform.

Werner was bubbling with rage, but the Belgian actress with him could not help laughing. Every little weakness was perfectly in character. Werner was seen in his ornate bedroom being manicured while he popped chocolates into his mouth. A beautiful redhead, in abbreviated costume, was dancing. Altogether, a malicious study of a pocket Nero, 1943 style. Nevertheless, the victim had the wit to laugh while he was being tortured. He could not afford to look ridiculous in the eyes of his party. Encouraged by his good humour, the Nazi officers in the place roared with laughter and applauded. Tricot was even persuaded to do an encore.

THE following morning His Excellency was still smarting over the insult to his dignity. He summoned the chief of police.

"Arrest the actor, Tricot," he snapped.

The Gestapo man shook his head slowly. "I fear that would be unwise, Excellency," he said, a little nervously. "Once before ——"

Werner went a deep brick-red. "You have your orders," he shouted, banging his fist on the desk.

"I'm afraid I cannot execute them, Excellency," came the quiet reply. "The Baron von Lutze arrested Tricot last year but he was released in a few hours. Orders from Berlin," he added gruffly.

That sobered Werner. He lit a huge Havana and puffed hard for a moment. He could not afford to antagonise the chief of police. These Gestapo men could be dangerous enemies. And this wretched actor was too damned popular. If he were arrested, there would be trouble and he had been ordered to use the soft pedal as far as possible to ensure "collaboration" from the population.

He breathed heavily. The phone bell rang; was he ready for his manicure?

"No," he barked angrily. "Go to the devil."

"Yes, Excellency," said the voice meekly.

The chief of police regarded him with a faint smile. He had a shrewd idea of what was passing through the gauleiter's mind. At the same time he had his orders and knew quite well that Werner's job was merely a sinecure. He signed decrees but they were drafted for him and executed by secret police who were answerable only to the Gestapo.

He coughed diffidently. "Excellency," he said in a smooth half-confidential tone, "I have a suggestion to make."

"Well, well, let us have it," snarled Werner. "Are we to give this insolent rascal the Iron Cross for his insults?"

"No, Excellency, but there are ways and means of counteracting the er—er"— he groped for a word—"the unfortunate effects of this incident."

"What do you suggest, Braun?" asked the gauleiter in a changed voice.

A quarter of an hour later the chief of police departed, leaving His Excellency in a happier frame of mind. Werner was to visit "Le Perroquet" more often and applaud Tricot more loudly than any one else. This would prove his good humour and make him more popular with the Belgians, apart from taking the edge off Tricot's cruel satire. Also, an energetic Press campaign would be started to glorify the gauleiter's personality.

"I think I'll have my portrait painted by Max Haller," said His Excellency thoughtfully.

"A splendid idea," agreed the chief of police, relieved that the worst was over. "Haller is a good friend of ours."

When he was alone Werner at once telephoned the painter and asked him to call that afternoon. He was smiling happily when an orderly brought him a mid-morning snack of hot chocolate and pastries. He rang for his secretary.

"Send the manicurist up," he said cheerfully.

The more he thought about the idea the

HIS Excellency, Major-General Friedrich Werner

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

WHEN Tricot dressed up as the new Gauleiter in a white uniform and two rows of medals, the Nazi audiences laughed louder than ever

more it appealed. Haller had painted royalty and celebrities galore. He had exhibited in London, Paris and Berlin. When the Nazis arrived he had gladly agreed to paint portraits of von Falkenhorst and other high officials. He had even gone to Berlin to execute some murals for the Foreign Office.

Haller had been given a bodyguard after someone had thrown a bomb at his car, but the painter thought the risks worth while, provided he could keep his house and enjoy the old life of luxury. He felt too tired to become a refugee and start in a new country, leaving his house and wonderful pictures behind.

He arrived on time, a tall lean figure with well-brushed silvery hair and hard blue eyes. He agreed to do the portrait and named a high fee. Werner nodded casually, but the figure shocked his commercial sense not a little. However, it was something to be immortalised in oils.

The sittings proceeded smoothly enough, and Werner had almost forgotten Tricot, who had dropped him from his repertoire, just as the chief of police had anticipated. Nowadays, the Gestapo man had far more to worry about than the ruffled feelings of a stupid gauleiter. The Belgians had not reacted to "kindness," and concentration camps were full. Farmers shrugged when the Nazis arrived for their loot; war machinery suffered mysterious breakdowns; and soldiers did not care to walk alone after blackout.

The gauleiter was becoming worried and resorted to the only "cures" he could think of—shooting hostages and levying brutal fines. If there was any satisfaction it was the sense of having scored off the chief of police in the *affaire* Tricot. Had Braun taken his advice and arrested the fellow, all this could have been avoided. He sent a blistering report through to Berlin emphasising his own foresight and condemning the Gestapo man's lack of it.

Braun had acted quickly—yet a shade too late—when he received evidence that Tricot was one of the leaders of the patriot movement. A squad was at once sent to "Le Perroquet" but the actor did not appear for his show that night. Nor was he to be found at his flat. The Gestapo had been searching now for three weeks. Brussels had swallowed him.

Werner would not have felt so smug about his little triumph had he watched the crippled little ex-soldier, Bouchlifet, who acted as dish washer in the kitchens at headquarters. He was a little man with a monkeyish smile and a drooping moustache. He had been taken on together with the old janitor who had vouched for his "loyalty" to the (*Continued on page* 66)

The Sea's Greatest Animal

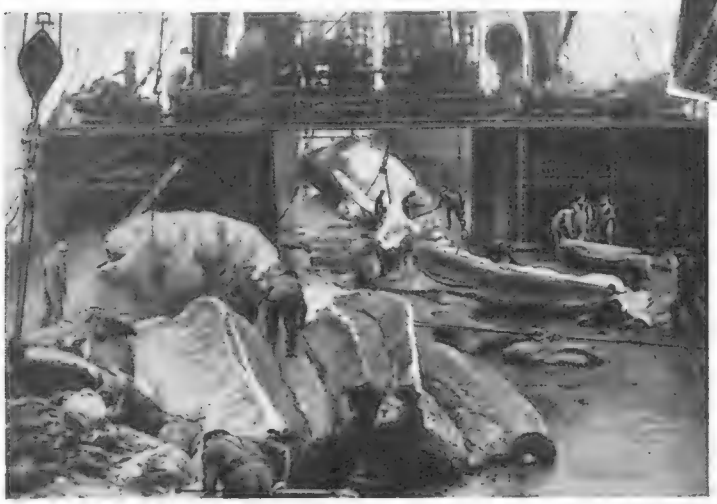
By Frank W. Lane

"THAR she blows!" The thrilling call to action of the whale men is seldom heard on the high seas these days. Most of the whale ships, and the men who manned them, are today engaged in a grimmer warfare waged against a much more dangerous and implacable foe.

It is good to learn that such an interesting animal as the whale is thus receiving at least a partial respite from the intense persecution it has had to endure in past years. In the old sailing days the whale had a fair chance to outstrip its human foe, but with the coming of the Age of Steam the scales were weighted heavily against it. It is probable that the present War is the only agency that could have prevented the complete extirpation of some species of whales.

Whales range in size from the small porpoise about the size of a salmon up to the blue whale, which may be a hundred feet long and weigh as many tons. All whales belong to one or other of two classes, the distinguishing mark being the mouth. These two classes are known as the toothed whales and the whalebone whales. Let us glance briefly at both classes.

The toothed whales have teeth either in their lower jaws or in both. The larger whales of this class have throats big enough to swallow almost anything that lives in the sea,



A HIT on the target. The modern method of catching whales is by the use of the harpoon-gun mounted in the bows of the ship

(Right) MEN at work stripping the flesh from the carcass of a whale. This picture shows the immense size of the jawbone of a whale

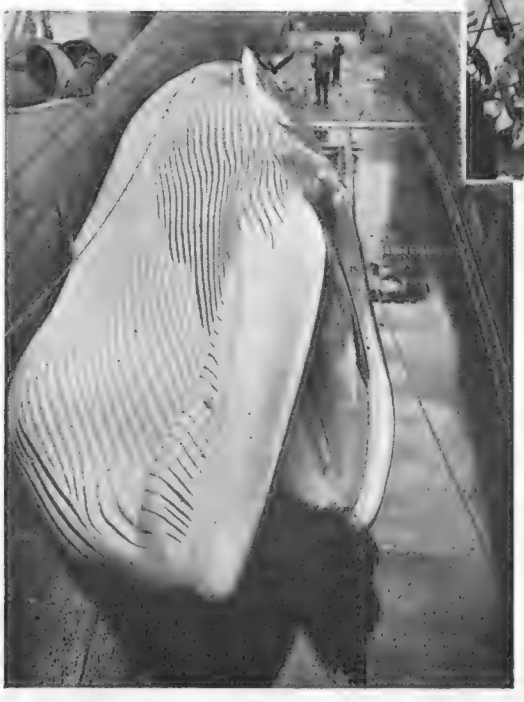
(Left) ON board a whale factory ship. The parent ship, which is often the size of a liner, takes the catches from the fleet of smaller vessels and disposes of the huge carcasses

including giant squids with arms stretching forty feet or more, seals and sharks. The old objection that Jonah could not have been swallowed by a whale because its throat is too small applies only to the whales—bone whales, not to the largest type of toothed whales.

No, the difficulty about Jonah does not lie in his being swallowed, but in what happened to him afterwards! Incidentally, there has been within fairly recent times a circumstantial account of a man being swallowed by a whale and being rescued alive when the whale was cut up on board the whaler. But when the B.B.C. mentioned this story some years ago, a critic wrote in to say the story was not authentic.

The toothed whales contain two members, which are among the most interesting of all whales. One of these is the sperm whale. It is the largest of all whales which possess teeth, growing to some sixty feet in length and weighing nearly as many tons. It has an enormous head, which occupies a third of its body length. Sometimes a sperm whale can be seen hanging in mid-water with its lower jaw dropped at right angles to its body. It can do this without flooding its body with seawater because of a special adaptation which whales possess. The nasal passages, instead of opening into the throat as in land animals, are connected directly with the windpipe. Thus a whale can rush through the water, with its great mouth wide open, and seize its prey without choking from the rush of water down its windpipe.

It is the sperm whale which supplies that commodity so vital to the perfumery trade—ambergris. Exactly how the ambergris is formed is not (*Continued on page 52*)



AFTER the kill. Hauling the huge carcase of a whale up the slipway of a factory ship. Note the tremendous size of the whale's mouth, which extends a long way down its body

Old Tales Re-told

How Ambition and Vanity were Rewarded

An Episode from the Life of Artaxerxes, King of Kings

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

NOTHING is so potent a drug to men and women as ambition and vanity. Crime and the fear of punishment have never deterred them from drowning their scruples in order to satisfy these cravings. It is difficult to decide which of the two sexes has been the more susceptible to the mania. Many women have gained immortality by the fierce tenacity with which they have fought their way to power. Sometimes they used the weapon of their beauty; sometimes they made use of any means, fair or foul.

Here is a typically dramatic episode which may serve to show how strongly ambition and vanity may fasten on the human mind. At the beginning of the third century, the peace-loving Roman Emperor Alexander Severus realised that his slackening hold over his Asiatic dominions was facilitating a Persian rebellion. A Persian of obscure origin had fought his way up to the rank of a General in the army and had then tried to corrupt the Parthians.

Failing in this, he attacked and defeated them, crowning his victory by killing their king Artabanes, overthrowing the monarchy and annexing to Persia the whole territory.

He determined to follow up this act by reconquering all the lands which had previously been lost by the kings of Persia, together with all the Asiatic possessions of the Roman Empire.

He himself took the name of Artaxerxes, with the resounding title of King of Kings.

Each of the neighbouring kings and princes received an order to provide numbers of well-equipped troops for his army. Failing this, they would be executed. This unexpected ultimatum spread terror in those who were unprepared and

The Princess tied the leather guard to her left forearm, stretched the cord as far as the bow would bend, and let fly the arrow with its message

Alsawad's astonishment knew no bounds when he faced the hated Artaxerxes and saw at his side his own beloved daughter, with whom he appeared to be on the most affectionate terms

timid. Others of a more warlike temperament improvised what defences they could and waited the consequences of their defiance.

Meanwhile, the ranks of Artaxerxes' army were swelling beyond measure.

One of the dependent or minor kingdoms bordering on Mesopotamia was ruled over by King Alsawad, an Oriental with a sense of honour and personal bravery. When the messengers of Artaxerxes brought their peremptory order to him, they met with proud defiance. Alsawad refused to be the vassal of an adventurer.

After their departure, he immediately set about preparing the defences of the fort, which would bar the way of any invader. Fortifications of that time consisted of two or three outer walls surrounding the royal residence, whose walls and towers were always higher than those of the defences.

The day came when panting scouts brought word that the enemy was approaching in strength. In no time everyone was at his post. The cattle were herded inside through the gateways, and the battlements bristled with armed men. In less than forty-eight hours, Artaxerxes was already facing the fortifications, his camp pitched and his men disposed ready for the siege.

In those days warfare was very different from that of to-day. Every manœuvre had to take place at close range, while all those beyond the range of an arrow were perfectly safe. The two forces were within shouting distance.

Several times the gates were assaulted, but the quantity of missiles and boiling oil rained on the attackers from the walls was such that before they had done any appreciable damage scores of Artaxerxes' men lay dead, their bodies heaped one on top of the other. The corpses were removed during the night, making way for similar attempts next day; but the result was always the same. Battering-rams and the flaming distaffs of the "Greek fire" were

equally ineffectual. Weeks went by in this monotonous slaughter, wearing out the energies, equipment and resources of men.

Artaxerxes had been sure that his mere reputation as a winner of victory after victory would strike terror strong enough to make doors fly open before him. He could not resign himself to failure and the laughter of the defenders on the ramparts, and, worse still, of the women, who were visible at the castle windows.

Inside the fort, spirits ran high. Alsawad was so abundantly equipped that he knew he could almost exterminate the Persian army before feeling the pinch of privation. He was proud of the traditions of his family, and intended to preserve intact all the privileges of a long-established monarchy.

He had a daughter of marriageable age, whom he adored, and for whom he cherished dreams of a brilliant future fitting to her rank and beauty. The thought that defeat would condemn her to the level of a slave in the hands of a ruthless master made him all the more determined to defend his treasure with the last drop of his blood.

Now this princess, inspired by curiosity and a certain amount of feminine vanity, was accustomed to attire herself in all her finery and spend many hours of the day on a high, flat roof commanding a view of the battle. From here she could identify the notorious Artaxerxes by his elaborate armour and the royal standard which accompanied him whenever he inspected the various sectors of the field. She had also observed that more than once he had approached on foot to the point nearest the royal apartments, and had remained there for some time, plainly staring at her. This strange attention intrigued the princess more and more as days went by. Sometimes Artaxerxes, accompanied by only a small escort, came so close that showers of arrows landed behind him. He paid not the slightest heed to them and

The entertainments included the dancers belonging to the royal train who were famous for their exotic Eastern dances

Artaxerxes commanded that she be tied by her hair to a wild horse, and that the animal should be whipped to a mad gallop until her body was torn to pieces. The grim preparations were made outside the castle walls, and the unhappy Alsawad was compelled to watch the brutal spectacle

continued to gaze upwards as usual. In the mind of the girl, this powerful king, who showed such contempt for danger in order to look at her, acquired a halo of heroism that flattered her vanity. For her the war began to assume secondary importance, while she devoted more and more care to her personal attire.

One day she came out alone on to a veranda of the castle. She was able to pick out the tall and well-built figure of the king from some distance, even when he was merged in a crowd of other men. She watched him dismount from his horse and approach the usual spot. Seeing no one on the roof, he walked on until he spied the veranda where she waited. This convinced her that she alone was the object of his attention. After a while he took a long bow from one of his escort, tied something to an arrow, aimed high and let it go. A second later the arrow fell directly behind the princess. Wondering whether she had been its intended target, she defied the royal archer and stood firmly erect. The experiment was not repeated, so she picked up the arrow and discovered a small piece of papyrus tied to the stem. It was a note from Artaxerxes, asking her if she were prepared to receive some important messages and to keep absolute secrecy concerning them. She was to give her reply by the same means.

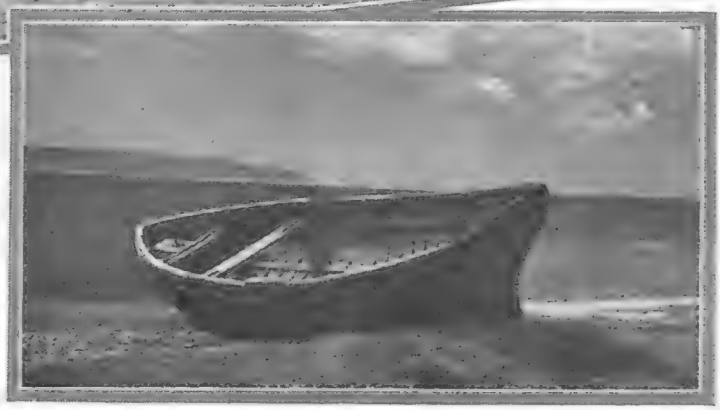
Directly Artaxerxes saw that she was reading the communication, he mounted his horse and galloped away.

This romantic incident thrilled the girl to her marrow. What should she do? The adventure promised to be most exciting, and as she thought about it her conscience gradually quietened. She was not unskilled in archery and she did not need any help in despatching her answer.

The next day, when she appeared on the veranda, she had everything ready. Artaxerxes was there below. She tied the leather guard on to her left forearm, stretched the cord as far as the bow would bend, and let fly the arrow with its message, reassuring Artaxerxes, King of Kings, that he could rely on her absolute discretion.

From that day onwards the arrows kept coming and going. The measured flattery of (*Continued on page* 51)

SEA, salt marsh and sunshine. The piledriver has been brought right to the edge of an actual break in the sea wall



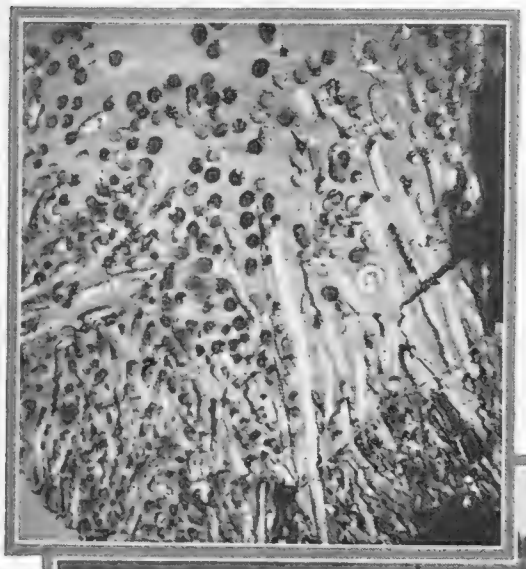
A BREAK in the sea wall, a strong tide, and this old boat was carried more than a mile inland and left on the edge of a hayfield

Strife Without End

The Struggle Against Sea Encroachment

By Laurel Pascal

IN wartime as in peace time, there is one great sea battle that goes on without hope of an armistice—the battle of man to save the coastlines of the world from further encroachment by the sea. Many great victories have been wrested from the implacable and immortal foe, but records of defeats and disasters are beyond compute — losses of territory, of human life; of millions of pounds worth of sea works and property. Even from the most prosaic esplanade of any seaside town, wild weather can make a display of the sea's potential strength a curiously thrilling sight. Sometimes exceptional gales whip the sea to such a frenzy that miles of sea frontage are broken up, and sea walls and groynes seriously undermined. Such a skirmish, with the sea as victor, occurred in Sidmouth in 1917, the bill for repairs to the sea frontage and sea walls totalling up to over £100,000.



WHAT happens to pier piles and the hulls of wooden ships when the borer teredo gets to work

HIGH tides and floods have completely destroyed this jetty, washing much of the timber miles inland

In 1812, a terrific storm resulted in the overthrow of 796 yards of the famous Plymouth Sound breakwater, constructed from designs by Rennie. This breakwater, nearly a mile long, originally cost £1,500,000 and 3,000,000 tons of stone were used to construct it. Another great storm in 1872 wrenched Wick breakwater from its foundations and threw it to leeward—this, a tremendous mass of masonry concreted together as a monolith, with iron bars 4½ inches in diameter. Amongst the greatest records of force exerted by the sea was the breaking, or quarrying out of position, of 13 tons on Skerries of Whalsey, in Shetland—this at a level of 74 feet above the sea.

Of all breakwaters, Cherbourg's is the greatest and most costly in the world. The building of it commenced 150 years ago and its construction was in the form of hollow cones of timber-framing sunk in lime, and filled with stones. Many times the cone system had to be abandoned owing to storms, and the breakwater was not finished until 1853. Even the most modern sea works are not impregnable, as witness the great Mustapha breakwater at Algiers, where disaster followed close on completion.

Next to wind and weather, the sea's strongest ally in its never-ending assault on the works of man is the borer, or ship-worm—a parasite which enters sea structures and ship's hulls through microscopic holes in the wood. This pest, a cousin of the oyster, has the imposing name of *Teredinidae*, and it has been the dreaded enemy of seafaring men since ships first sailed the seas. It attacked the triremes of Athens and the galleys of Venice. It rotted the timbers of Drake's *Golden Hind*.

Although starting life as a tiny grub, the (*Continued on page 52*)

Beloved Torso

All his Life he had Cultivated his Brain at the Expense of his Body, until he was Humiliated by a Slight that could only be Erased by a Reversion to Primitive Standards

By Barry Perowne

IT has been a tough week—thirty officers and N.C.O.s for a hardening course, climbing and scaling, toggles, etc.—and on the Friday night I repair to "The Golden Hind" for an hour's relaxation. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* True. But a little bit of what you fancy—taken in strict moderation—does you good.

So here I am sitting in the lounge, which is in the modernistic style, with small tables, and chairs with green leather seats, regaling myself with a half-pint, and reflecting upon human nature, when two ATS personnel infiltrate through the growing crowd in the direction of my table.

"BRAINS TRUST" PENDOWN: a long gangling fellow, no muscles on him at all, with horn-rimmed glasses, a typical scholar

"Excuse me," says one, "are these chairs available?"

"Certainly," I reply, starting from my cogitations, "certainly."

With that, the two girls place their drinks upon the table and seat themselves. I am glad to observe that both are drinking wholesome half-pints, and that, to judge from the healthful glow in their cheeks and the sparkle of raindrops in their hair, they have just had a good, brisk walk, than which there is no better exercise for a female ,unless it be swimming.

While I am indulging in these thoughts, I observe one of the girls surreptitiously eyeing the crown and crossed swords on my sleeve. She catches my glance, and smiles.

"Would it be the done thing," she says, "to ask why you don't wear brass ones?"

I smile in my turn, and reply to the artless query in a friendly fashion. For, to tell the truth, I am favourably taken with her. She has dark, neat hair and grey, candid eyes, and though she is on the small side, she is well proportioned and supple. The face is the index of health, the neck the index of vitality, and in neither do I discern anything wanting in her. Also, I can tell she is a lady; and she has a lance stripe up.

"Brasses," I explain, "are not worn with battledress, only with service dress."

"Oh, I see." She looks at my crown and crossed swords again. "The crown means sergeant-major and the crossed swords mean physical training instructor?" she hazards.

"That's right," I nod. "I am Sergeant-Major-Instructor Whittle, from up at the camp. 'Professor' Whittle, they call me," I confide, unbending further.

Again she is eyeing my crown and crossed swords, by which she appears fascinated.

"Did it take long to get that on your sleeve?" she asks.

"Fourteen years," I reply gravely—for it is a grave enough matter, in all conscience.

To my surprise, the couple burst into laughter.

"Fourteen years!" exclaims my interrogator's companion, a lissom blonde. "And we've been in fourteen weeks, Mary!"

But Mary still seems interested in my crossed swords.

"I always thought," she says, "that P.T. instructors were big men."

"A common error," I inform her. "Usually, they're small, sharply alert men, like myself." As the topic seems to appeal to her, I go on to add other relevant items, such as that, if there is ever a malady going around a camp, the P.T. man is always among the first to sicken of it. "It's on account of their very fined-down condition," I explain. "For instance, when I was wrestling professionally——"

"Oh!" she exclaims, all eyes. "Were you one of those—what do they call it—'all-in' ones?"

"All in?" I have to laugh. "That," I tell her, "is not wrestling at all—that's acting. No, I went in for real wrestling, all types—Cornish, Catch-as-catch-can, Græco-Roman, Ju-jutsu——"

"Ju-jutsu!" she interpolates, with a thoughtful look. "I've always heard that it's possible for a *woman* to excel at ju-jutsu. Is that really true, Professor?"

"EXCUSE me," says one of the girls, "are these chairs available?"

"Quite true," I assure her. "Ju-jutsu isn't a matter of strength. Quickness and a sense of rhythm, such as any girl has, plus a little knowledge of anatomy, and bob's your uncle!"

"Professor," says this Mary girl, with her eyes shining, "do you think you could teach *me?*"

Suddenly the blonde begins to giggle. "I get it!" she says. "John——"

Mary gives her a look, then turns back to me.

"I mean it, professor," she says. "Would you? *Could* you?"

"There are my gyms," I tell her, "up at the camp. They're open every night, bar Fridays. I'm always only too ready to encourage voluntaries—anybody who wants to pick up anything special. The only thing is, you being a female—"

I pause delicately. But she grasps my inference in a flash.

"Don't worry," she says. "I'll bring a chaperon *nobody* could quibble with!" She is rosily afire with enthusiasm. "When could I start?"

It is on the tip of my tongue to tell her she can start to-morrow, for all of me; but then I remember I have "Brains Trust" Pendown on Saturdays, so I

WHEN I feel she has assimilated my instructions, I set her some suppling-up exercises, and give Pendown a spell with the punching pad

say: "Well, how about Monday—about seven?"

"Perfect!" she ejaculates. "Professor, *do* let me buy you a drink!"

But I am equal to that one.

"The drinks are on me," I say, as I gather up the mugs deftly, using but the two fingers and the thumb.

NOT that I have not had female pupils before, far from it. You get all sorts in the physical culture business.

Now, this "Brains Trust"—as they call him—Pendown is an interesting case. He has been on my hands for some three to four weeks before the encounter narrated above. A lecturer in philosophy before they call him up, he is now an orderly room clerk in a unit in the camp—a long, gangling fellow, no muscle on him at all, with horn-rimmed glasses, a typical scholar. He is a lance-corporal (protective stripe); his real name is Hugh, but he gets his nickname because he represents the Command once in a Brains Trust broadcast, at the invitation of the B.B.C. There is no question he is a bustling thinker, and they say he has Professor Huxley sagging on the ropes more than once in the course of that mental bout; but he is in a bad way, physically, when he comes to me, asking for a course of instruction in the noble art.

"What you want first, my lad," I tell him, when I see him stripped off, like a bean pole, "is a body-building course."

"The question is," he says, looking down at his torso in a deprecating style, "can you do much with it? I'm getting on for thirty, and I'm afraid I've always rather put mind above muscle."

"The full man," I rebuke him, "is a synthesis of both. But don't worry. I can build muscles on a clothes prop."

"In that event, professor," he says, "I put myself unreservedly in your hands."

He does well.

I work out a special table for him, inclusive of wall bars, neck rolls, logs, and the fifty-six-pound weight. I work him somewhat austerely, but he perseveres with such doggedness I guess he has some special motive—most of them have who come to me voluntarily. Sure enough, pretty soon he confides he feels himself to have been seriously humiliated by a fellow in his unit called Tug Walker.

"It's a matter of self-respect, professor," he says. "It's the sort of slight that can only be wiped out by a reversion to primitive standards."

I see his plight. "Man to man?" I say. "O.K. We'll see what we can do."

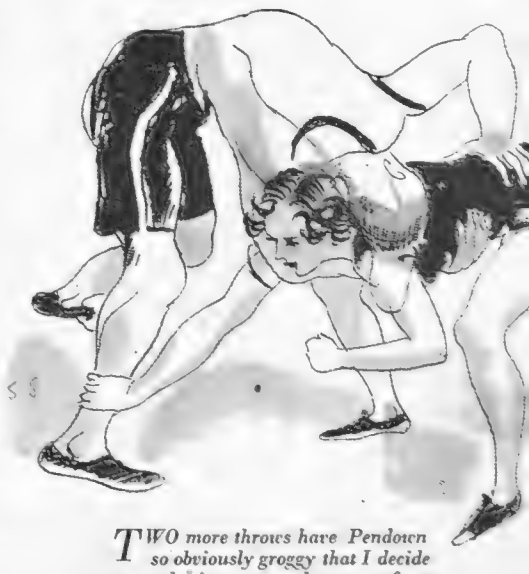
But in my heart I am a bit dubious. I know this Tug Walker. No science, but an ugly, damaging scrapper, up to all the street-gang tricks. I know how to handle such types myself—a back-handed throat chop and the finger jab to the ears soon mitigates their impatience—but whether I can bring this scholarly Pendown up to the required standard is another thing again.

He has the asset of a good reach, however, and I decide to use this as the foundation of my instruction. So on the Saturday night following my visit to "The Golden Hind," I tell him:—

"We're going to cut the body-building exercises short to-night, and start on the real job."

"Oh?" He looks a bit disappointed. He has made a lot of progress, is getting some muscle on his body, and is beginning to enjoy the exercises. "What's that?"

"Left lead," I tell him, "right block,



TWO more throws have Pendown so obviously groggy that I decide enough is as good as a feast

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier

TO my surprise, he does not go through the door to the showers, but, tired as he is, assumes a posture on the wall bars

purposeful footwork, and the punching pad."

He takes to it well enough, though I have to correct him of cat-jumping at first, like all beginners. By the time I have him round the gym for fifteen minutes—attack, retreat, pad up, punch—he is nearly ready to expire.

"All right," I condescend, "that'll do for to-night. Off you go—showers!"

"But I—I," he puffs, "I haven't done the wrestler's bridge exercise yet. You—you said it'd give me a neck like a bull!"

And, exhausted as he is, he insists on going over to the mat, and, forward rolling into the wrestler's bridge position, giving his neck a thorough work-out.

ON the Monday night, about seven, as I am in the gyms directing my orderly, Sid, in putting up the blackouts, sure enough there is a tap at the door and in comes my ATS acquaintance, accompanied by a stern-looking ATS sergeant on the elderly side—fifty if she is a day.

"Sergeant-Major-Instructor Whittle—Sergeant Rosa Pumphrey," says this Lance-Corporal Mary, and she gives a little laugh. "D'you know, professor," she says, "from the expression on your face, I do believe you didn't really expect me to turn up!"

"That's all right," I say; "I'm all ready for you. You can change in that room over there."

While she is changing, I get the mats into position, with the clumsy assistance of Sid, while this Sergeant Rosa Pumphrey sits on a bench and looks about her and occasionally breathes out through her nose disparagingly.

Pretty soon, however, Mary comes out, in a sort of romper suit such as chorus girls get themselves up in; and I perceive at once it is going to be a privilege to coach her; she is that supple and graceful in her every movement, besides pretty.

To take her measure, I start her on the dancer's exercise—down on the face, legs raise, hands grasp ankles, roll on to back, retain grip on ankles, swing to feet. She does it at the first attempt, all one movement, smooth and neat, just the way it should be done.

I show her a couple of forward rolls, coming up slightly crouched, leaning a little forward, hands at the grapple position.

She copies me perfectly.

I then do two forward rolls, toppling straight back into two backward rolls, coming up poised for the grapple.

"How about that?"

"H'm!" she says—and does it as nicely as you could wish to see.

Well, I realise then that I have what is known to the fancy as a "natural"; and having put her through a few more rolls, for warming-up purposes, I proceed without further preamble to deal with the four standing throws.

She finishes up with her eyes shining, dainty as an oil picture, all enthusiasm for the next lesson. Well, on the Tuesday night I have a toning-up class of National Fire Service personnel, and on the Thursday the gyms are loaned for a unit dance. So I tell her it will have to be Wednesday, although I have "Brains Trust" Pendown on that night as well.

"He can work one end of the gym, you the other," I tell her; "he won't interfere with you."

The arrangement pans out satisfactorily. I put Pendown on wall bars and the beam at one end of the gym, while I work with Mary on the mat at the other end, treating of finger locks and pressure points. When I feel she has assimilated my instruction, I set her some suppling-up exercises, and myself repair to the far end to give Pendown a spell with the punching pad. Leaving him after a while to practise shadow boxing and purposeful footwork, I return to Mary to deal further with the subject of holds.

The Nelsons, half and full, and the various strangleholds—with the exception of the Japanese, useful to both sexes—I consider to be unsuited to a female. But there are certain throws, though unorthodox ju-jutsu, such as the American head chancery and the flying mare, which, in view of contingencies, no lady, in my view, should be without.

I now, however, find myself in a dilemma, Sid having inconveniently taken himself off to the NAAFI, and no one being available on whom to demonstrate the throws now on the agenda. Sergeant Rosa Pumphrey I hesitate to approach, not only because her expression continues sardonic, but because I feel it unlikely that she knows how to fall scientifically, and will probably sustain damage if hurled from a height. (*Continued on page* 56)

WHAT he meets, however, is a straight right, delivered with vigour and timing

Upside-Down Hollywood

By Margaret Chute

PAULETTE GODDARD autographs the hat of a sailor at the Hollywood Stage Door Canteen, where she works for several nights a week

JOIN in the chorus. Jack Benny entertains service men at the Hollywood Stage Door Canteen

WARTIME Hollywood is an upside-down sort of place. Stars are scooting to the studios on motor bicycles or real scooters. Clothes that once cost £50 per suit are made from cloth that adds less than 5s. to the budget cost of the picture. Film lovelies are deserting their dazzling careers for the sake of soldier-husbands in one or other of the Services. The smartest spot in the film capital is the Hollywood Stage Door Canteen, which has indefatigable Bette Davis as its active president.

Bette was re-elected president, unanimously, after the canteen had been open for the first three months of its life, during which time it had entertained and fed—free of all charge—250,000 men from all the Services. Behind the counter of the canteen Marlene Dietrich has cut sandwiches for hours on end; Irene Dunne, Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Joan Bennett and Judy Garland dance with anybody in sight, for four hours each night; Heather Thatcher is one of the senior hostesses and works two nights a week; John Garfield, Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale, George Murphy, Mervyn Le Roy, Randolph Scott, Cary Grant, Boris Karloff stand with their shirt sleeves rolled up, and wash glasses, dishes, spoons, proud to work as "Bus Boys" for this fabulous canteen.

It is interesting to compare what the stars are doing in that large simply decorated building, with the way they would have spent in the old pre-war days, bunches of dollars at expensive night-spots, just entertaining themselves and their friends. But that's all *out* now, for the duration.

That question of the cost of clothes worn by the stars—now that all film production costs are being kept at the lowest possible level—was well illustrated by one of the costumes worn by Ginger Rogers in *Once Upon a Honeymoon*, in which she was supposed to be the wife of a very wealthy gentleman from Austria. The dress was a sports outfit; once upon a time it would have been made of silk, and its cost would have swung anywhere from £50 to £60. This particular dress was cut from a few yards of cotton cloth, which set the studio back the sum of six dollars. But the suit was designed by a famous style-creator; and the final result looked just as good as the £50 variety.

In all the years I have been watching film making, out Hollywood way, I must have seen dozens of (*Continued on page* 61)

MARLENE DIETRICH with the baby she was carrying in her arms when she broke her ankle during the filming of "The Lady is Willing." This accident cost an insurance company a large sum of money

JEAN ARTHUR, with her favourite dog, Mr. Parker. Insurance adjusters will not allow him on the set

(*Left*)
FAMOUS film stars leaving Hollywood to tour America and entertain Servicemen in camps or theatres, as part of their contribution to War Service. (Front row) Greer Garson, Ronald Colman, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Leslie. (Second row) Lynn Bari and Irene Dunne. (Top row) Virginia Gilmore and Ann Rutherford

We Owe God

From all Stations of Life are Heroes Found

FRED COTTERELL was surprised when the doctor said: "Why didn't you put yourself down for the Air Force?" He had never thought of himself as somebody so physically fit.

He checked his first impulse to reply that he did not know; and stooped to pull up his trousers. The examination room was draughty; so that his nakedness was more concerned with the cold than with nude shyness. It was impersonal. The men who passed through it were so many ciphers to whom a record had to be attached. Cotterell had a feeling that the doctor, whose table was covered with forms, had made a mistake, had put his name to another man's particulars. As a simple statement of fact, he said: "I'm a grocer. I stand behind a counter——"

The doctor was not impressed. Dealing with fifty men a day who were cattle to prod, be run over with a yard-stick, he lumped them into three classes—the good, the not-so-good, the rank bad. Any who came into the first of his categories he expected to want to fly if they were reasonably young. Fred was small but good; he failed in nothing. When he spoke, the doctor had to throw his mind back, search for a memory of a remark he assumed he must have made. Two more entries were included on the Cotterell record before he jerked out: "A grocer! What's that got to do with it?"

Fred was not sure. The statement, which had appeared incontrovertible, when uttered by somebody else, sounded weak-kneed, incapable of standing without support. "It's—it's——" he began; then said: "I don't know." He finished his dressing hurriedly, and was thankful the doctor continued his form-filling in silence. A few minutes later, in another room, he heard himself telling a clerk to put him down for flying duties. He became a cadet two months later.

He was still surprised when they fitted him with a uniform, told him to put a white flash in his cap and marched him to and fro round a London park. The first time his squad was put into shorts and plimsolls for a three-mile run, he looked at his bony knees and thin legs and wondered whether they would stand up to it. He had never paid much attention to them in the bath at his lodgings, where the water was usually too cold for a ruminating soak. He had always been disappointed with his niggardly figure. There had been times when his feet ached after standing in the shop all day and he had caught himself looking at the clock. It was then that he envied the men he saw playing tennis on the recreation courts he passed on his way home. It did not occur to him that he worked harder than most; but that, even so, he could have copied their example if he had not been too reticent to make the social effort. Mr. Shard, manager of the shop, had a son who never seemed tired. He always had something to do when he finished his day's work travelling for a food firm, and did it boisterously. It was his boast that he was always fit, "fit as a horse." Cotterell looked at the other men in their shorts and plimsolls. Their legs were solid, their bodies capable. If Tom Shard had been there, he would have been one of the half-dozen hopping on their toes as they waited for the run to begin.

An hour later, it was borne in on Cotterell that he had been one of the first home, that he was breathing easily. He wondered what Mr. Shard would have said if he could have seen him. Mr. Shard had been through the last war. He remembered the mud of France. Once, when Fred was a boy, he had arrived one morning at the shop after seeing the film, *Battle of the Somme*, full of a delayed glory. "That's what we went through," he said magnificently. "Mud!" Fred, on his half-day, went to see the mud, and wondered whether he would have had the courage to stand up to it. He had always been fastidious about cleanliness. It was one of the first things Mr. Shard had insisted on when he started with the shop. Mr. Shard was a different figure to Fred from that day. He was somebody who had gone through things Fred hoped he would never have to face; somebody he thought he ought to listen to when the war began again.

"My boy," Mr. Shard said the Monday after Mr. Chamberlain announced Hitler's march into Poland, "my boy, mark my words. They won't be able to do without the old P.B.I.—that's 'Poor Blooming Infantry' to you. They can say what they like, but they won't. It won't all be in the air, even if the sirens did go." He re-arranged a pot of jam and looked at Fred in his white apron. "You'll make a nice bantam, you will—when the time comes. But don't you go running off now—not until I say so. People 'ave got to be fed."

Fred's call-up in his age group and the medical examination that surprised him came nearly two years later. Twice, in the meantime, he thought of volunteering, and said so to Mr. Shard. "Don't you do any such thing," he was told. The habit of discipline brought about by the peace-time fear of losing a job made him listen.

A Death

By

Douglas Sanford Lock

HE re-arranged a pot of jam and looked at Fred and his white apron. "You'll make a nice bantam, you will . . . when the time comes"

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"They'll have you as soon as they want you," Mr. Shard added once. "What d'you want to go and get killed for?"

"I don't," said Fred: then found himself unexpectedly saying: "But I wouldn't mind."

"Wouldn't mind—wouldn't mind——" Mr. Shard repeated, before shocked bewilderment got the better of him.

"No," said Fred, "not if I did something while I was being killed."

THE day he had to register, Mr. Shard said: "Infantry for you. That's what they'll put you into—if you pass the doctor. Mud and slime."

"Somebody's got to go through it," said Fred. Germany had not long been fighting Russia then. The horrors of the coming winter were not realised, or he might have said: "What about the Russians?" and have kept his individuality submerged.

"I'll get you reserved," added Mr. Shard, who was already in difficulties with the rations and his coupons. "People have got to be fed!"

"You can't," said Fred. "If I'm fit. I'm ready to go."

"Oh! Can't I?" Mr. Shard winked, and added: "There's always ways and means of trying."

"I'm ready to go if I'm wanted," Fred repeated, and suddenly remembered that Tom Shard, who was younger and who used to boast of his physical fitness, was still a civilian. "I want to go," he added, and surprised himself with the emphasis he put into the words.

A few days later, the doctor found him fit to fly. He was glad then that a customer had prevented him saying more. For the first time he felt superior to Tom Shard, and to a lot of people towards whom he had acquired the habit of considering himself inferior. But to Mr. Shard's inquiry the next day, he replied simply that he had passed the doctor and would be sent for in due course. Buying his few cigarettes in the stationer's next door, he saw and picked up a small book, *Flying for Beginners*, but put it down again hurriedly when he noticed that he was being watched by the woman behind the counter. He was still not sure that he wanted to fly. The knowledge that he might had to be kept to himself until there could be no argument. If he said what he was going to do and then found himself in the Army, Mr. Shard, he knew, would never lose an opportunity to sneer. But he went for a bus ride to a district where he was not known on his next half day and found a shop where he could buy the book. He read it at night in bed, as he had read his text-books when he was attending evening classes after beginning work in the shop, and was continuing his schooling.

In the two months he was kept waiting until he was called up,

he only once went near to betraying his hopes. Tom Shard came early to the shop one afternoon and talked urgently with his father behind the closed door of the office. When Fred had to go to the office to inquire about a customer's account, Mr. Shard was speaking on the telephone. "You've got to find him a job," he was saying, "—to keep him out." Tom winked at Fred over his father's shoulder. Later, as he was leaving the shop, he stopped to say to Fred: "No ruddy Army for me. Not while the money's easy."

"I'm going——" Fred began. Then, suddenly, he was angry. "Into the Air Force," he added.

"That's the job for you—in the kitchens," Tom said as he moved away.

sympathy from the buildings among which he moved. "Fatherliness," he called it, though he had never known a father and remembered only a mother who had died when he was eight. The bewilderment of his new life had begun to give place to thought about it and to a need to explain things to himself.

He discovered that he had a flair for the required mathematics, and thanked the evening classes he had attended. The

suburb where he had worked. To know that Mr. Shard still ran the shop, that Tom was still reserved and managed to find petrol for his car—that, in short, the world he had left continued—gave him a sense of security in unfamiliar places. He felt that he had one foot left on the ground. That there was a world he knew to which he would return in due course.

In Canada, he passed out near the top of his class. His life in the shop had developed an instinct to be neat. Neatness demanded accuracy and a painstaking attention to detail that took him easily through his tests.

Searching in the station library one night for a technical work that would help, he discovered Shakespeare, and Masefield's *Victorious Troy*, which left him breathless and exalted. He began to read and discovered that much of his half-formulated thought, urged into life

SHE took him to one of the popular restaurants where he found that the noise killed all hope of conversation, and then became thankful that it did

by basic instinct, was that on which people had founded endeavour, faith and their revolts.

By the time he reached Canada for his air training, he knew that he was to be a navigator. The stars had struck an imaginative chord in him. In peace, they had been little more than pin-points seen occasionally beyond the glare of the city's neon lights as he walked home through the street canyons, or something by which the Sunday papers forecast the future for their readers. Then the lights went out all over London. The stars could be seen without conscious effort. Fred discovered they had a pattern. He found also that the pattern had a rhythm and a friendliness that was beyond his power to describe until he went to Cambridge before leaving for Canada. During the weeks of his course there he found the same enveloping

habit of doing nothing in the evenings after leaving the shop, because there was no time to do anything, made it no hardship to spend his spare hours studying to catch up with the others who seemed to know things by right. The dance halls, the pubs, were pleasures he had allowed himself to grow up thinking of as something outside his life. He had ignored them and they had lost their power of attraction. But he drank an occasional beer, smoked moderately, put his bunk neighbour to bed when necessary and carried on, when he got to Canada, a correspondence with a vaguely remembered girl who replied for his landlady when he sent a Christmas card. Through the letters he heard the gossip of the

WHEN he returned to England, flying the Atlantic in a ferried machine, he was posted to a pool for navigators. He did not have to go through an intensive finishing course and learn to find his way through the clouds that cover Britain and Europe most of the year, and make flying even over the mountains of Scotland and Wales a risky procedure when conducted on the hit-and-miss principle. It shocked him to find that a number of those who came home with him had to be re-taught.

He was given ten days' leave before going to a squadron and spent the first day in London, taking the girl with whom he had corresponded, to a theatre. He wrote, suggesting that she meet him at Euston Station, (*Continued on page* 62)

On Duty and Off

THERE may be women who can keep their hands lily-white in spite of scrubbing, washing-up and laundry work, but frankly, I am not one of them; and although soap-flakes, scouring powder and household soap may be kind to other hands, they play havoc with mine.

At the hospital we scrub up for dressings. For each dressing we scrub our hands under running water with a nail-brush and plenty of soap, and the hands are not allowed to be dried before the dressing is done. This means that on duty one's hands are continually being scrubbed and left wet. There is also a lot of scrubbing to do of the scouring-powder type. At the day nursery we wash up after each meal for forty to fifty children; there is all the laundry work to be done for them; and there is the extra scrubbing of chairs, mackintoshes, and so on.

Even off duty there is a lot of housework to be done, and if you take the trouble to look at most women's hands you will find that very few of them are left lily-white in these days.

ON DUTY

Just lately I have come across two good remedies for anti-glamour hands. One is called Smith's Cremolia for chapped hands, sunburn and freckles. This was introduced to me by my mother's cook, who said she herself had cured her own rough hands with this preparation; and it has helped mine considerably. The best way is to rub on a little after you have finished work, and go on rubbing until the skin is dry. Then wash your hands, and you will find that the dirt rolls off in a most satisfactory manner, leaving the skin nice and soft.

As a non-sticky hand-cream for night-time I am now using a preparation called Creme Manalbo. This I found at a little chemist round the corner. It is semi-liquid, and it certainly seems to have a softening and whitening effect which works not only on hands but also on rough, red elbows and "sandpaper" knees.

Working in black-out conditions, as many of us do in these days, is hard on the eyes, and the chances are that your favourite eye lotion is extraordinarily difficult to come by nowadays. Not long ago I searched every chemist for a radius of two miles looking for Optrex. Although Optrex is strictly rationed, I did discover "Op Tabs," which are very useful eye tablets. These cost 10d. for ten tablets, 3s. 4d. for 48 tablets, or 5s. 6d. for 84 tablets. They are handy and easy to use. One tablet is dissolved in an eye-bath half full of warm water, and this makes an eye lotion which is used in the ordinary way. Having bathed your eyes, you fill the eye-bath with cool or cold water and use the eye-bath, but this time with the eyes closed, so that the lids are rinsed. The result is as refreshing as a champagne cocktail.

IT is much more fun being a hostess nowadays, when the wherewithal for entertaining is so difficult to come by, than it was before the war, when the background for entertaining merely depended on £ s. d. Before the war I used to leave a few books in the spare bedroom for the guests' bedtime reading. Now I have discovered that the most popular bedtime books are *Peter Rabbit, Alice in Wonderland, Alice Through the Looking Glass* and *Ferdinand*. Every man who spends a night in our spare room comes down to breakfast next morning quoting *Alice, Peter Rabbit* or *Ferdinand*.

Quite apart from entertaining in your own home, it is up to you to be a good hostess if you live in London or any town where Americans are quartered. Just learn the location of their various clubs, so that you can direct them when they ask you—and they do continually. In London you should know how to direct a man to the Washington Club, Jules, the Eagle, Rainbow Corner, Washington Square, and the various American "strong points."

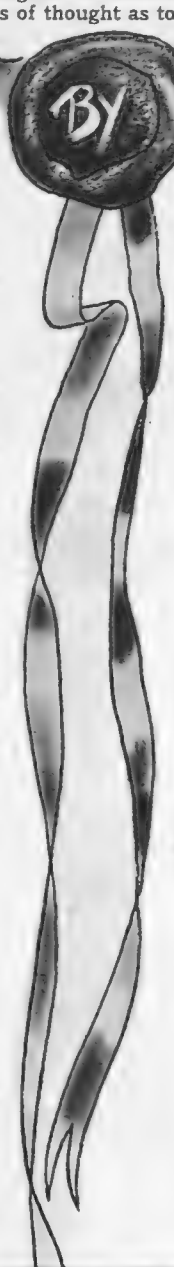
My experience with women guests in the house is, thank goodness, limited. But our spare room is occupied two or three times a week by English or American men. There are two schools of thought as to whether you should try to teach your Englishman or schoolboy to make his own bed, button-stick his own buttons, and polish his own shoes. Personally, I am all against this, as it seems to be more trouble than it is worth. Do it for him, do it cheerfully, and let him know that you are doing it. You will find yourself repaid by gratitude that shows itself in all sorts of pleasant ways, such as compliments, and little extra offerings that make the entertaining fun.

American men, on the whole, are much more tidy about the house, and if you take them into your confidence about rations you will find they enjoy their meals much more, and every week they will bring you little offerings from "P.X." One week it may be a small Turkish bath towel; the next week a box of candy; the third a tin of peanuts or a carton of Chesterfields.

Laundry for visitors is not as easy as it used to be. As far as I know, the only way to solve this is by keeping each man's sheets, pillow cases, face towels and bath towels labelled, so that they can be put out for him next time he stays.

If you happen to go to the country for a few days, scout round and try to find a nice cake to take down with you as well as your rations; and when the country visitor comes to London, she will be welcome if she brings a few eggs with her.

BY Jane Gordon



HAS it ever struck you as odd that men should submit so meekly to the loss of their good looks? When a young girl is plagued with blackheads and pimples, those around her are only too anxious to assist her in regaining her schoolgirl complexion, whereas boys are expected to grin and bear their pimply complexions unaided.

If a woman becomes bald it is considered a tragedy, and yet the same thing is regarded as the natural, though slightly ludicrous, plight of men. It must be most unpleasant for a man to have his face scorched and blistered by exposure to sun and salt air during the summer, and his hands raw and chapped in winter, and yet the average man does not appear to be able to save himself from these quite unnecessary discomforts.

Every time I see a man walking down the street without his hat, exposing his thinning hair to the air and sunlight, I feel sorry for him, because he is fighting against hopeless odds to keep his hair on his head. The damage was done many years previously, when he was too young to know or to care how to protect himself. If women knew a few elementary facts about baldness in men, every mother would make it her business to see that her son had a fair chance of escaping baldness in later life.

OFF DUTY

Seborrhœa Oleosa, which accounts for the vast majority of bald-headed men, first appears between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, and is associated with acne. The boy with a pimply face and dank hair will grow out of his spots, but the chances are that he will start to grow bald at the age of thirty. If a mother can persuade her pimply-faced son to wash his hair twice a week and eat his meals slowly and chew each mouthful thoroughly, she will save him from baldness in later life.

Boys and girls with pimply complexions are almost certain to have dandruff as well, and they are quite oblivious of the fact that dandruff is catching. Dandruff on a brush, comb or hat lining can re-infect a perfectly clean scalp. A baby's scalp can even be infected by the dandruff falling from the mother's hair. So it is very important in treating the condition to remember to wash the hair brushes and combs, using a mild disinfectant such as Dettol every day, or at least every second day, and to change the hat linings.

THE INTERVIEW

COUNTRY WOMEN

THE OLDER WOMEN

EVENING AND WEEK-END SHIFTS

Most women face the ordeal of being interviewed for a job with a certain amount of diffidence. *The* interview —that is, for a job in the service of the country—is even more to be anticipated with care, because so much more depends upon the issues than upon those of ordinary employment.

Interviewers are selected by the Ministry of Labour for the qualifications most essential to this work. That is to say, they are required to be persons of education, ability and tact.

No system is invulnerable, but it is a fact that most of the alleged incidents which appear to reflect at all discreditably upon Government interviewers are fictitious or misrepresented or, as sometimes happens, traceable to interviewees who are not themselves easy to handle. It goes without saying that in any interview of this kind, goodwill on both sides is essential.

Remember that the Government interviewer herself has no easy task. Some of the women who come before her have been prepared, by hostile rumour, for the worst, and are not, therefore, in the most amenable frame of mind. Others are nervous and uncommunicative.

Yet the interviewer must establish, if she can, an atmosphere of confidence and mutual helpfulness, and she must do it in a short time because there are thousands more to be interviewed.

The whole object of the interview is to establish an exact understanding as to how each individual can meet the requirements of service to the country according to her abilities, her personal preferences and without unnecessarily disturbing the normal tenor of her ways.

Obviously, it cannot work out so idealistically as this. Some of us must do things and go to places which we might prefer to avoid, but these are the fortunes of war and do not in the smallest degree affect the policy of the Minister of Labour, which is, as far as possible, to extend consideration and sympathy to justifiable claims.

You will be asked at the interview about your domestic circumstances. What your responsibilities are. If you have a husband at home. What demands upon your time and energies your household makes. What kind of work you have done before.

If you have children or a child under fourteen of your own living with you, you will not, of course, be interviewed at all. If you are married, without children, and your husband is serving, you may be considered suitable for employment near your home, unless you are already engaged upon some essential work. You are not, however, considered mobile, and will be put to work within reasonable daily travelling distance.

If you are unmarried and come into the mobile class (19-40), you will be told where you will be expected to work unless you volunteer to go into one of the Services. Under the National Service Act, all unmarried women up to the age of 30, unless exempt, are liable to compulsory call-up for one of the Women's Services, but up to the present only the ages 19-23 have been called.

Women in this class are able to opt for either Services or industry. This includes the Land Army, domestic work in hospitals, bus conducting and a few more essential war jobs.

All these matters are explained by the interviewer. The woman liable for call-up under the National Service Acts may appeal to a Hardship Committee—an independent body—for postponement of call-up on grounds of exceptional hardship. In the case of other women, married or single, if there is disagreement upon the final decision, the case may then be referred to a Women's Advisory Panel, which is a panel of independent women who will consider the claims made against transfer.

If their decision is still unacceptable to the applicant, she can ask to be formally directed to the employment for which she is wanted and she can then appeal (unless she is being called up under the National Service Acts) to a Local Appeal Board, which is composed of workers and employers under an independent chairman.

No, the interview is not an ordeal to be dreaded. On the contrary, it is the fair and satisfactory way of establishing yourself in the work which will be of most service to the country and the least disagreeable for you as a participant in a disagreeable war.

Younger women who have been exempt from full-time service, perhaps on account of special family responsibilities, are choosing part-time clerical jobs which can be taken up at most convenient times. Telephone operating, shorthand and typing and most other kinds of light clerical work are available.

Work behind a shop counter is probably one of the most suitable types of job for the older woman who cannot take full-time work, and requires a light task which can be taken up at hours most convenient to herself without disorganising the routine.

For women with domestic responsibilities which don't fit in with the ordinary hours of part-time service, there are often convenient shifts. Some of these are for the middle of the day; others are for the evenings, and even night shifts are sometimes arranged.

Country places are often remote from war factories or the means of reaching them, but very real war work may still be available. Counter work in the local post office or bank, work as a shop assistant, as driver for a milk round or as clerical assistant to the local War Agricultural Committee. Such a job may release a younger mobile woman who can be sent to essential work in some other area where the need is urgent

If you are an older woman and wish to engage in a lighter form of service, not necessarily full time, work in a shop is probably the ideal job. The work is easy to learn and may be within a short distance of your home. It is, moreover, easier for the shopkeeper to concede odd hours of work—say, from ten until four, or merely at his busiest hours. This work can, in fact, be taken up and put down without disorganising routine

Some women may find that evening shifts are more easily adaptable to their domestic responsibilities. Part-time workers are sometimes employed from 4-9 p.m., from 5-8 p.m., from 5.30-10 p.m. Week-end shifts are also sometimes arranged, with the object of relieving workers who are hard-pressed during the week.

PART TIME:

Your Questions Answered

WOMEN who have not previously been directed into part-time work are now to be issued with a compulsory direction. This means that many thousands of women of all ages will soon be contemplating this new type of war service.

Here are some answers to the many vital questions which are concerning women of all ages and all abilities.

I have been exempt from full-time employment, although I am unmarried, because of an invalid mother for whose care I am responsible. Does this mean that I am also exempt from part-time work?

Not necessarily. Very much depends upon the extent of your responsibilities at home, and whether or not part-time work, in addition to your domestic duties, would impose too great a strain. This is a matter that the Ministry of Labour officials, or an independent Advisory Panel, will decide.

If I am called up for part-time employment, what hours shall I be expected to work, and can I choose which part of the day I may work?

So far as possible, you will be given a choice of the part-time work for which women are wanted. This may be six mornings a week, or afternoons. Some employers permit part-time workers to do three whole days if they prefer.

Shall I be expected to pay Unemployment Insurance as only a part-time employee, and what about Health and Pensions Insurance?

If your part-time employment does not involve more than thirty hours a week, you are not responsible for Unemployment Insurance. Health and Pensions Insurance is, however, compulsory.

How do I stand in relation to income tax and my earnings as a part-time worker?

The tax-free allowance on the earnings of a married woman, over and above the allowance of one-tenth of the income which we all get, was raised by the 1942 Budget from £45 to £80 per year. As a married woman you will only pay tax on your earnings if they exceed £89 in the year. Single women are not liable to tax at all until their income exceeds £110 per year. They are given a deduction of one-tenth and an allowance of £80 per year before taxation.

If I am directed into part-time work, am I likely to be sent to work out of my own locality?

No. Part-time work is allocated within reasonable daily travelling distance of your home. If there is no war industry in your own town or village, you may be asked to serve in a shop or to undertake some clerical work locally which will release another woman who can more easily be sent away.

Does part-time work necessarily involve employment in a factory?

By no means. Here are some of the other things you might do if they are available in your district. Shops: assistants, all kinds; agricultural; clerical work in offices, Government departments; shorthand and typing; book-keeping; cashier work and telephone operating; record-keeping; clothing manufacture; postwomen and sorters; gas and meter collectors; laundry work and domestic work in local hospitals and institutions, and, of course, factory work.

The Woman of 50

She used to live her own leisurely life. Now she has to crowd in a full day or a half-day at a factory or at some other form of war work. She could do with a day twice as long to squeeze in all her activities. The change, the rush, puts a strain on her body. Yet though taxed with extra work and with time ever against her, she must keep fit for her country's sake, for her own

The Little

Every night, just before turning off
a finger-tip of castor-oil or
Then, taking a little more of
into your cuticles.
When you have given your
of silk over your brush and
an extra shine on your
When giving your face
extend it to your neck,
treatment and make-up.
Wash your hairbrush,
cloth make-up remover
powdering if you have
Massage a little hand
your hands are war-
workers.
Never stare blankly
Blind staring is more
else.
Slap a double chin with ice-cold
Always divide a shampoo into half
second.

Health and Beauty

ELIMINATION is a toxin danger-point. Unaccustomed racing away from home, unaccustomed sitting all day, may interfere with the usual habits, and a clogged system is exhausted by the mere effort of getting rid of the poisons. Also, you will have less liquids, as you are unable to dash into the kitchen for a glass of water or a cup of tea.

Make up for this by taking a good half-pint of water on rising, another before you leave, and more when you get home. Try to do five minutes' exercise on rising. Concentrate on the liver-twisters, bending and twisting the waist; these will greatly help to remedy the effects of stationary work-hours.

Fresh air in the lungs helps to clear the toxins from the blood, and if you are indoors all day now you may miss this, so try to make a short walk an evening habit . . . and breathe deeply all the time you are in the fresh air.

DIGESTION must be looked to. If you have to rush off in the morning, don't try to eat a large breakfast first; or, if you do want a good breakfast, rise early enough to have plenty of time for it. And when you come home at lunch-time, or in the evenings, and race to prepare the meal, take five minutes' radio-listening before you start to eat.

When you have been going all-out at work, and then rushing home and speeding the necessary pre-meal work, it is almost impossible suddenly to slow down to the tempo necessary for good digestion.

SLEEP. You must get your right amount of sleep, despite all the little things that crop up to be done. It is so easy to sit up talking until it is suddenly too late for the good eight hours' regeneration of energies during the night. Perhaps you need slightly less, or slightly more—you will know your own standards—but whatever your needs, make certain that you get them on those nights preceding a working day.

MENTAL ATTITUDE to your life, with its home duties and war duties, must be regulated carefully. You should avoid being swamped in a sea of little things that you have left undone. There are hosts of tiny jobs that you would do if you were home all day. Well, now, you just can't do them.

Even if you are house-proud, do not sacrifice your sleeping time and health in order to keep the shining spotlessness that you previously insisted on.

If you get flurried with the feeling of things undone, make a list and put down each new job as it comes over the horizon. Underline urgent ones.

Then as you do a job, cross it off the list. You will find that the sight of all the crossed-off duties is cheering, and you can pick your list up at any odd moment and find just what needs doing most. This should clear up any hopeless-dawn complex that may arise.

FEET are the last item on the body that may need special attention—this only if you have work that keeps you standing, or if you have to walk farther than usual in your day's routine. If there is any extra call on your feet, keep them well groomed and have a pedicure once a month. You will learn from your pedicurist what massage movements your feet need—do them before or after bathing the feet at night. If you can get some good salts, let the feet soak in them. And wear shoes that allow you to stand easy.

your face in the mirror

THIS GIRL, WITH HER FLAWLESS SKIN AND CLEAR GAZE, DOES NOT NEED TO WORRY ABOUT HERS, BUT MOST OF US REQUIRE AN OCCASIONAL SEARCHING MIRROR-SCRUTINY

Take your hand-mirror—a magnifying one, if possible—and after removing all make-up, give your face a long and pitiless search. Don't do this too often; every three months is enough to keep track of new lines, of old lines furrowing, of skin going too dry, too greasy, of wrinkling neck or crêpey eyelids. . . . A quarterly investigation helps to prevent deterioration setting in unnoticed.

We cannot get all the preparations we want, but the necessary creams and lotions are still being made by all good firms. If you persevere, you can get a little of what you need, and if you cannot, try a substitute.

Now take up your mirror.

Lines around the eyes are rather difficult to control now, because the highly specialised preparations necessary for correcting such conditions are being discontinued. The saving grace is that if you had a couple of jars of eye cream before the war you should still have them—they take years to use up.

In any case, however, lines are the result of sagging muscles and collapsing tissues. Sagging muscles can be prevented by exercise, so do your eye exercises regularly, rolling and flashing the eyes from side to side, up and down, until the circulation pulses around them (you won't feel it) and muscles are rejuvenated. Then, lacking a mild eye-astringent, use an eye lotion (Optrex or Arden's).

Search your nose for blackheads and blocked pores. Noses often display such blemishes when the rest of the face is clear. Steam the nose with a hot, wet towel and express the secretions. Then slap the nose briskly with a wad of cotton wool soaked in witch-hazel.

At the base of your nose you may see tiny red veins, but these will generally be secondary to red veins in the cheeks. Such veins are the disadvantage of a very fine skin, as a rule, and such skins need more than their fair share of skin food.

Never rub the surface that is over veins; do not even try to massage the skin food in here, but apply and leave it to soak in. If you wash the face, treat the veined parts gently, and do not alternate extremes of hot and cold water as a stimulant.

If the general surface of your face shows no great danger-point of dryness or greasiness, but merely a certain tiredness, then start a course of greater care. Make yourself a jugful of barley water. It will cleanse internally and give the skin less poisons to cope with if you drink a pint each day.

Cleanse your face every night with a lotion or cream, alternating them if you can have both, and on alternate nights massage in a little skin food until your face is glowing and there is no skin food left on the surface. Be careful not to pull lines into the face as you massage. Gentle friction, rather than heavy finger-work counts. On the other nights, cleanse, then wash the face with a good complexion soap.

If you have a dry skin, follow the above routine, only leave out the soap and water night wash and instead apply, and massage in, skin food every night. Do not use astringents. Try to use a cleansing cream rather than a lotion. Think now of the summer, and try to get a slightly greasy foundation cream or lotion in reserve for the hottest months. Make sure that you eat all the fat and drink all the milk you are allowed.

A greasy skin, on the other hand, can cut down on the intake of fats and step up on the green salad and raw vegetable side of the menu. And a greasy skin must look to its health.

Greasy skins are more inclined to spots and blackheads than normal and dry skins, so be sure that you cleanse thoroughly every night—with a lotion, if possible—and stimulate the skin well. You should follow the normal routine only after the nightly cleansing; always have a hot and cold wash, and after the wash on alternate nights slap on an astringent.

In this way you should keep the skin tissues stimulated and the excessive greasiness should eventually be controlled by a better circulation and less secretions left in the pores.

The essentials of skin beauty are cleanse, tone, and nourish. And the forbiddens are: Never go to bed with make-up on. Never repowder a grubby make-up.

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Things...

the light, brush your eyelashes with vaseline.
the vaseline or castor-oil, massage it

hair its daily brush, put an old piece give it another few seconds to put hair.
whatever treatment you can muster, back and front—this for beauty-

your powder-puff, and your cheese-every four days. Use cotton-wool for spots.
cream into your hands every night if workers, and that includes house-

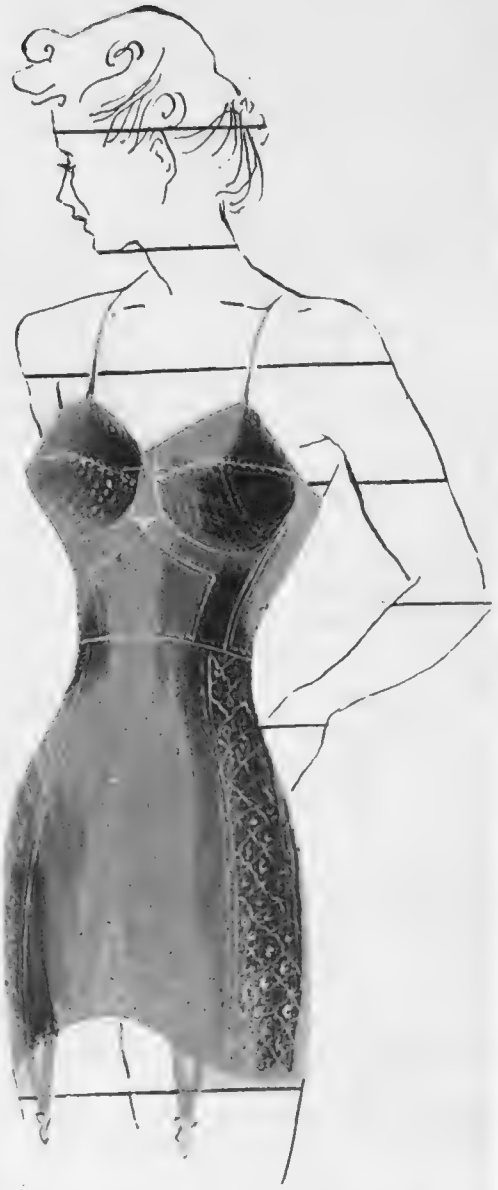
at anything, even the black-out. fatiguing to the eyes than anything

water every morning.
and rinse between using first and

By Chrysis

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department



It comes to this. With fewer coupons to last longer—and the threat of fewer still to come—we just have to get by with what we already possess. The coupon book becomes our iron ration.

Clothes must be brushed after each wearing (and the brush washed regularly too—no use brushing old dirt in). Putting away carefully is important. Clothes quickly get out of hand if they are just thrown around.

Many dress-hangers have Victorian sloping shoulders, and it is not easy to keep the wide, padded shoulders of to-day sitting pretty upon them.

If your shoulders persist in slipping off, pull the sleeves up, cross them, and let them hang each side the centre hook of the hanger. This little uplift device will hold them in position.

Home dry-cleaning has to be done as regularly as everything else. Soiled collars, cuffs, hat linings need ever-watchful attention. Change from street or office wear immediately you step into the house.

When reviewing clothes for alteration, there is a temptation to cut about and add this and that just for the sake of change. The general idea is that it aids morale. This it does, but only when performed with logic, discretion and significance.

Too often nowadays a good line is lost for ever, after a rash scissors-wielding mood. Too often those little touches so popularly supposed to revive tired clothes, by their very fecundity kill them stone-dead.

When buying rare new clothes, austerity necessarily and wisely sees to it that they are basically simple. This, in combination with rationing, is responsible for a changing dress outlook, embodying prudence, foresight and all-round better taste.

Women watch keenly for fit, finish, construction. They fit linings to their suits to save seating. They plan far into the future, working out mergers, interchangeabilities, colour alliances.

Nearly every woman finds a housecoat dressing-gown (of the type drawn top of the page) a wise necessity in her wardrobe, a fine buy for seven coupons and a legitimate piece of escapism, after a hard, war-facing day.

The foundation garment drawn above is a two-in-one, suggested as the answer to the problem faced by women with out-of-proportion figures. It is not so easy these days to buy foundations and have them altered to suit a small bust with big hips, or the other way round. This long-waisted brassière, hooking to a girdle, ensures separate, correct fit for bust and hips.

Most women know the value to a dress of a really good, well-fitting slip. If the one you buy is all over the place, it is worth spending time on darting and seaming it to a moulded fit, as drawn at the left. Avoid wearing cami-knickers and a slip. It is too cluttery. Wear pants with your slip for show-through skirts; cami-knickers, solo, with opaque clothes.

The particular clothes on the facing page might not themselves be obtainable by the time this issue is in print, because everything is in short supply and sells quickly. But they are representative of the type of clothes that are around everywhere, and there should be no difficulty in securing similar models.

1. This kind of frock goes anywhere, any time. It is black and white woollen, with a bright leather belt, a fly-front fastening and good detailing at collar, cuffs and pockets. Alternate with a piqué collar, a large flower on the lapel, another belt, a hand-made, two-tone belt, three big buttons. Harrods, £5 15 6.

2. This is a Dorville suit in brown and white herringbone tweed, with a characteristic Dorville line, darts around the low waist, two huge pockets on the finely-tailored jacket and box pleats front of the skirt. It is expensive—£21 0 0—but enthusiastic Dorville suit-wearers, after dividing this money over the years it will last, think it worth the price.

3. A dressier number which has looks and pedigree, from Marjorie Castle (£15 12 4), in moss crepe, green, black or navy, with a sham bolero bodice, a tight diaphragm and waist, achieved by side-seam gathers, an interesting, beautifully-cut skirt. The V-neck—edging along towards popularity—could change its outlook with a bizarre clip, a flouncy neck-frill, lace edging (repeated in cuff edgings), or a spotted dickey collar, with the sort of under-sleeves that we used to wear over school clothes for cookery class.

4. Joyce shoes are keeping many feet happy during this war. Those illustrated are in suède, black, brown, wine or red, with leather wedges, and cost 51/9. These, or similar designs, are obtainable at many good shops all over the country.

5. Finally, a Harella Utility coat (top price £4 12 10), obtainable from many big stores, in many light shades, English summer-weight frieze, fine for now and later, on account of its deep armholes and comfortable cut, easy to wear over suits. The lines are sweet and clean, the revers button, if needs be, to the neck, and deep pleats running either side the front break in the middle to become pockets.

EMBROIDERING...

The Perfect Antidote for These Stern, Strenuous Times

More women than ever are stitching happily in their rare hours of leisure. For tired minds and tired limbs there is no greater relaxation than to sew at something beautiful and colourful. Needlework has always been an escapist pastime. Now more than ever.

Many women miss the pleasures of embroidery because fine sewing seems difficult. Petit point is a lovely-sounding thing, but the woman who is inexperienced with her needle shrinks from its complexities. But quite wrongly, because beautiful embroidery—though much of it is impressive—is often simple.

A few basic stitches and a lot of patience will see you through to some very fine effects. Chair and stool seats, screens and cushion covers make lovely colour accents in any scheme of decoration, and there is no shortage at present of good but simple transfer designs for wool on canvas, for gros point (or cross stitch), which is easy to work and lovely to look at.

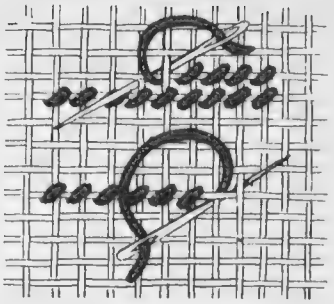
When planning a design for canvas embroidery in any stitch or combination of stitches it is advisable to plan the colour effect in detail from the start. The choice of a background colour is important, as this is the feature, above all others, which gives effect to the other colours used in relief. On a dark background outside edges should be in a lighter shade, and on a light background the edge should be darker. Buy sufficient silk or wool to complete the work, because repeat colours are not always of exactly the same shade, and differences, however slight, are noticeable.

Shading, which is so effective in nearly all kinds of embroidery, is not always adaptable to the larger types of stitch, but where a small stitch, like tent stitch, can be successfully introduced in the shaded parts. When a variety of stitches are used it is customary to outline all forms with a uniform colour.

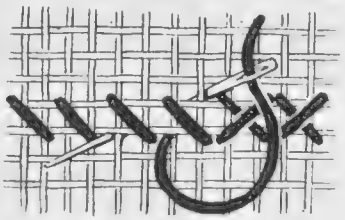
More than skill at stitchery, the harmony of colours is important in giving character and beauty to a piece of work. Don't try to work out your own colour combinations at first. Copy them from the classical designs which all good stitchery books publish.

Use an embroidery frame at all costs. It prevents puckering and keeps the stitches regular with an even tension which is difficult to accomplish otherwise if you are a novice.

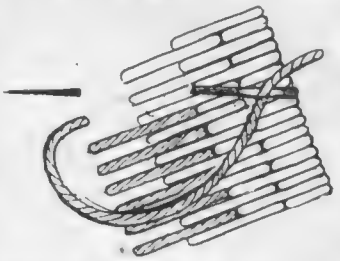
Details of some good basic stitches are given here. They are very simple but sufficient to cover the necessity of most simple embroidery designs.



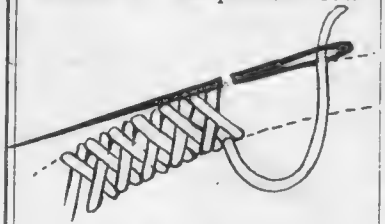
PETIT POINT is as simple as this: The stitch is worked across the point where the warp and the weft thread of the canvas cross. The needle passes behind two vertical threads, forming a long, strengthening stitch at the back of the work. Work from right to left and then back from left to right



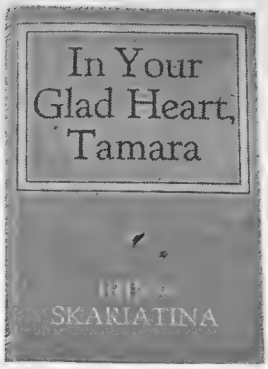
CROSS STITCH is done by working the first half of each stitch along the whole line from left to right and then returning along the same line from right to left again. The whole stitch occupies a square of two threads of canvas. When working canvas stitches, always count threads, not holes



BRICK STITCH is used for solid background effects either in shading or all in one colour. Start with a row of long and short stitches. Fit rows of even satin stitch into these, taking the stitches into the same holes as those of the bottom of the previous row



THE DOUBLE BACK STITCH is used for wide stems and borders. Start on the upper line, take a smaller stitch slightly to the right on the lower line, then another on the upper. Bring the needle out each time in the same hole as the last stitch. For wide borders do rows of this stitch close together. Mark the rows evenly with a pencil before you begin



Books: *Reviewed by Noel Thompson*

LET us start with something cheerful. For this, and especially for those who know Yorkshire, I recommend Eric Knight's "Sam Small Flies Again" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.).

The author explains that he wrote these short stories when he felt homesick in distant parts of the world and thought of Sam Small, the typical Yorkshireman in his own county's estimation with his typical wife Mully, his village of Pilkingthorpe Brig and its pub, the "Spread Eagle." Sam Small is always having amazing adventures. He goes to America and discovers that he himself can fly in the air like a bird, a discovery which arouses world-wide complications. Once more at home he acquires a dog which can talk. He has a fight with his own split personality. And finally, after meeting Hitler, he is responsible for bringing Rudolph Hess over to England. These are imaginative short stories at their most amusing best.

Turning to the more serious there is Vicki Baum's latest novel, "Marion Alive" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). This tells of childhood and girlhood in Vienna sweating to learn the violin; of early love affairs at the beginning of the century; of escape to Germany, marriage and the last war; of hunger, inflation, life with her children in the mountains, and later in Berlin as a designer of toys; of marriage to an American and big business and so back to Vienna to consult a specialist to try and save the eyesight of a son.

Vicky Baum cannot be dull with her exact descriptions and knowledge of character, but for the first time I found one of her stories dragging while the accent on love has a rather anatomical approach and handling. But as a picture of the times which led up to two wars it is first class.

Another book that tells the life story of a woman, covering a slightly earlier period is "In Your Glad Heart, Tamara," by Irina Skariatina (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). I have not read any of the previous novels by this authoress and I am glad to have remedied this. "Tamara" describes first the life of her ancestors and parents in Russia under the Tsars and leads on to her own childhood and the inseparable laughing and joking twins Vanka and Tanka. She marries unhappily, attends all the last Imperial ceremonies and finally escapes in 1919 to Paris with her parents, her old peasant nurse and English teacher. The bare bones give no idea of the satisfaction to be gained from this book, with its light on the Russian character and good writing.

Of the same years, but worlds apart in style, material and atmosphere, is the thoroughly masculine "A Rough Record" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), an autobiography by Admiral Sir William Goodenough. His distinguished naval career covers the period of transition from sail to steam and the development of big gunnery. There are not many parts of the world his duties have not taken him to, nor many of the great sailors of the last generation with whom he did not work. Rightly Sir William calls this a rough record, for it is no carefully prepared masterpiece but a modestly written description of naval matters for naval men and full of interest.

YET another story of France and her sufferings comes from Princess Paul Troubetzkoy in her "The Clock Strikes" (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.). There is the quisling landowner, the patriotic niece who gives her life for the cause, the faithful maid who has to work like a slave and starve under the Germans, the struggles of the villagers under the New Order, the looting, the persecution of the old, all taking place in the little town of St. Salere. Hate and hope of revenge keep the French alive. The description of the rebel H.Q. in the mountains sounds like recent stories in the newspapers from the Savoy district. Not faultless, but a gripping story.

I must confess having known very little about Thomas Chatterton, whom Neil Bell continually insists was a genius as a poet and writer in "Cover His Face" (Collins, 9s. 6d.). But this life of Thomas Chatterton and description of the times in which he lived (1752 to 1770) certainly shows he was an infant prodigy, with his first verse published at the age of 7½ years, and remarkable poems to his credit before he was in his teens. The author deals fully with Bristol and portrays the life there in great (*Continued on page 63*)

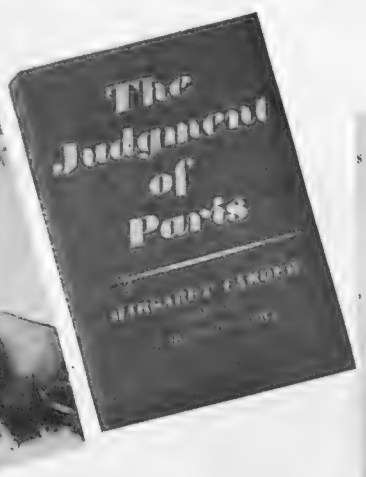
Jungle in Ireland

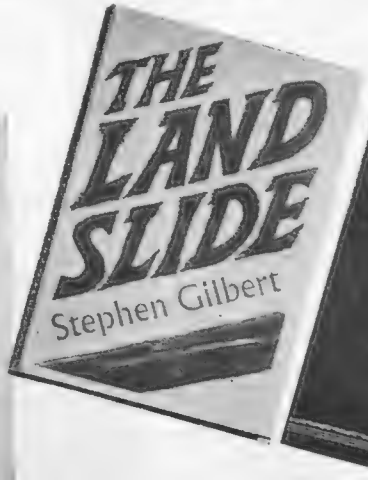
IT is not often that one reads an improbable tale which leaves you more than half-believing that it really happened. This was the effect that **"The Landslide,"** by Stephen Gilbert (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) had on me and I thoroughly enjoyed it from every point of view.

The author tells of a landslide near an isolated village in Ireland some fifty-odd years ago. This releases some prehistoric animals which had been preserved there, and also uncovers ancient eggs and tropical seeds which ripen and hatch under the blazing sun. This is discovered by an eleven-year-old boy who tells no one but his devoted old grandfather. Together they explore and make friends with an animal like a dog. He, in turn, "introduces" them as friends to the dragon and the sea serpent and other animals. Gradually they acquire the knack of communicating by thought transference.

Meanwhile the villagers believe that the old man and the boy are in league with the devil and in this they are backed up by the village priest. So the battle develops.

It is a fascinating story, not devoid of humour, and with a logical and dramatic climax.





PORTUGUESE Water Dog, or Cao d'Agua, to give him his native name

RUMANIAN Sheep Dog. To restrict his nomadic tendencies he is obliged to wear a heavy log suspended from his collar, which raps his forelegs into submissive quietude should he become too obstreperous or travel conscious

Unusual Dogs

Canine Curiosities as Weird as they are Rare

By "Canis"

MUCH has been written about the popular breeds of dogs and their ability to do this and that, and little about the exotic rarities of the doggie world. So here are a few facts of some of the strangest and most unhandsome dogs you could ever set eyes upon.

Picture in your mind's eye a dog which would be half a poodle and the rest curly-coated retriever and you'll have a pretty good idea of the make-up of the Portuguese Water Dog, or Cao d'Agua to give him his native name. His close-clipped and tufted tail suggests a remote leonine relationship, but his work takes him into closer contact with King Neptune, for if his appearance is bizarre, then his duties are even more unusual in that he spends most of his active life in the sea!

He is the assistant of the fisherfolk of the southern shores of the Algarue—he is more, in fact, than their assistant: he is often the sole means of communication between each boat and between the boats and shore, a sort of canine courier who swims to and from the mainland with messages telling of good catches or of distress. When a net breaks or a rebellious fish flips overboard, over, too, goes the Cao d'Agua in pursuit, retrieving fish, nets, lost oars, tackle and ropes, and any other of the impedimenta of a Portuguese fishing-boat.

A powerful swimmer, the dog is trained to commando methods both in the water and out of it—he brooks no nonsense from strangers, and at night stands resolute guard over his master's boat until the early morning demands still another vital expedition out to sea.

(*Right*)
THE Phu-Quoc Dog, whose home is an island in the Siamese Gulf, and whose peculiarity is a ridge of hair which actually grows in the opposite direction to the rest

Fed on curds and whey, and jealously guarded from exportation, the Rumanian Sheep Dog is, nevertheless, quite a rarity even in its own domain, being seldom brought down from the mountains where employed as a guard for flocks and the peasant homesteads. The breed is prodigiously powerful, devil incarnate if chained, yet docile when free—like most of us. To restrict his nomadic tendencies he is obliged to wear a heavy log suspended from his metal collar, which raps his forelegs into submissive quietude should he become too obstreperous or travel conscious.

The most unusual of all of the close on a thousand different breeds of dogs extant today is, surely, the Phu-Quoc Dog, whose home is an island in the Siamese Gulf. This breed boasts a peculiarity shared only by one other variety—a ridge of hair which actually (*Continued on page* 54)

THE Hungarian Komondor. To the uninitiated it is not easy to tell which is the business end of this sheep dog. The picture above shows him in his working dress, and that on the right when he has been prepared for the show ring. His coat has been unravelled and the wool plaited into chains or links

(*Above*)
BUSH Dog of Brazil. For sheer unloveliness, this dog takes the dog biscuit. This specimen is, as far as the author knows, the only one to be captured alive

(*Below in circle*)
THE Short-eared Dog from South America, the most timid of all wild dogs

Are You Knitting Tiny Garments ?

MATERIALS

2 oz. 2-ply Viyella Standard Knittings; No. 10 needles; 1 button.

MEASUREMENTS

Vest: round chest, 16 ins.; length, 8 ins. Pants: width, 18 ins.; length, 8 ins.

TENSION

7½ sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

The Vest

Cast on 60 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1 in. Change to st.st. and work 5 ins. (6 from casting on). Now work 25 sts. Cast off 10, work 25. Continue on these 25 sts. and k. 2 tog. at centre edge on every row until there are 18 sts. Work straight until side of work measures 10 ins. Cast off. Work other side the same. This is the front.

Now cast on for back and work as front, making a straight piece of 5 ins. Work 30 sts. Leave other 30 on holder until later. Continue on these sts. for 3 ins. Cast off. Work 3 ins. on other side. Cast off. Pick up 20 sts. down left back opening. Work all k. for 4 rows. Cast off. Pick up 20 sts. down right side and do the same, knitting 2 tog. w.fd. once at centre of 3rd row to make buttonhole. Pick up 76 sts. round neck and work all k. for 2 rows Now k. 2, k. 2 tog. w.fd., rep. from * to end, ending k. 2. Work 2 more rows k. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 46 sts. Work st.st. for an inch. Change to k. 1, p. 1 rib and work until there are 2½ ins. Cast off (for long sleeve, work st.st. for desired length).

The Pants

Cast on 68 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 rows. Now work holes as follows: Rib 5 sts., * k. 2 tog., w.fd., rib 6; rep. from * to end, ending k. 2 tog., w.fd., rib 5. Work 4 more rows rib. Change to st.st. and work until (Continued on page 65)

Pinafore Jersey

MATERIALS

3 oz. crimson 2-ply wool; 2½ oz. natural 2-ply wool; Nos. 10 and 12 needles; a fine crochet hook; 2 press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 3 ins.; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

In the rib, 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles and crimson wool, cast on 104 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 136 sts. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until there are 8 ins. round armholes. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are reached. Now work 40 sts. Cast off 56. Work 40. Continue on these 40 sts. and k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row for 16 rows. Work straight until there are 8 ins. round armhole. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every other row at armhole edge until there are no sts. left. Work other side the same.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 12 needles and natural wool, cast on 80 sts. Work 4 ins. st.st. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every other row until side seams are 5 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

THE COLLAR (two pieces alike)

Cast on 120 sts. with natural wool and No. 12 needles. Work st.st. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 102 sts. Work 4 rows. Cast off.

THE REVERS (two pieces alike)

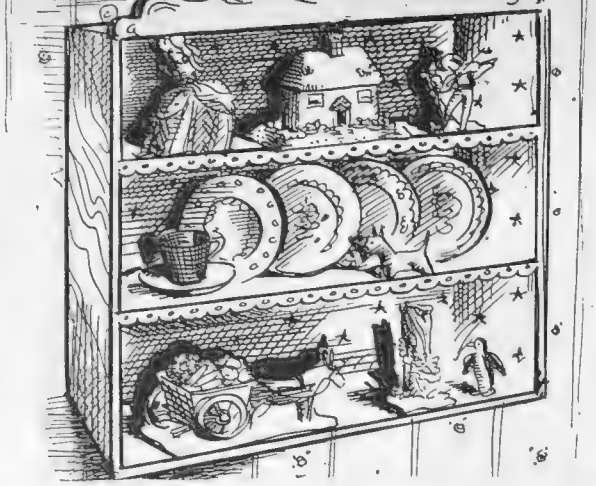
With natural wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work st.st. for 5 ins. Cast off 15 sts. K. 2 tog. next this casting off on every other row until this decreased edge measures 4 ins. Cast off. Repeat all this to form double thickness. Work two more pieces with decreased edge at opposite side.

TO MAKE UP

Press the natural parts. Sew up side and shoulder seams. Hem 2 ins. to wrong side of sleeve. Sew the two pieces of collar tog. on *right* side, taking very small neat sts. (Continued on page 65)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; sl. = slip; sts. = stitches; st.st. = stocking stitch; rep. = repeat; inc. = increase; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; w.fd. = wool forward; tr. = treble; ch. = chain; d.c. = double crochet



Home Work

. . . becomes a pleasure when the object of it is to create something individual and charming out of nothing, for rooms which are clamouring for new interest

Suddenly you feel you cannot stand it another moment. Either you have some new curtains in the sitting-room, or turn the furniture around, or burst.

Ordinarily, you would get it out of your system, according to your temperament or your resources by putting some new covers on the chairs or by having the rooms done over. To-day you sit down quietly and hatch up some new ways of making your four walls easier to live with. The ideas come out of your own head; the materials come out of the attic or the junk shop and before you know it, you are enjoying yourself and so is the house that had grown to seem so dull.

Perhaps you don't think you are very clever at this sort of thing. You don't have to be. All you do is to keep your wits awake, poach ideas from other people, try anything once and don't be discouraged. Ideas have to be coaxed. Once you start getting them, they come fast.

For instance, what are you going to do about the flower situation this summer? If you have a garden and it isn't all given over to vegetables you don't have to worry, but there are millions who haven't got gardens and few fresh flowers will be coming to the cities.

You can fix up a semi-permanent sort of flower decoration by getting some good lasting foliage from the country or from a friend's garden. It would pay to launch out with a really good vase if you haven't got one already, because whereas real flowers look lovely in almost any way, a trapped-up affair needs backing.

A few really good artificial flowers arranged among the foliage with just a spray or two of fresh flowers—when you can get them—can be something. Place this on the mantelpiece, so that a back mirror reflects it.

Another idea—it looks better than it sounds—is this: Dig out an old-fashioned, rather heavy gilt picture frame from somewhere. Remove the picture and the glass and line the inside of the wooden back with a plain coloured paper. Arrange a bouquet of slender, blended artificial flowers within the frame as if they were growing out from between the bottom of the frame and the lining. If the heights are well graded and the colours cleverly mixed, the effect is stunning.

Make a centrepiece for the mantel of it, and if the gilt frame has grown too dingy, paint it to match the wall.

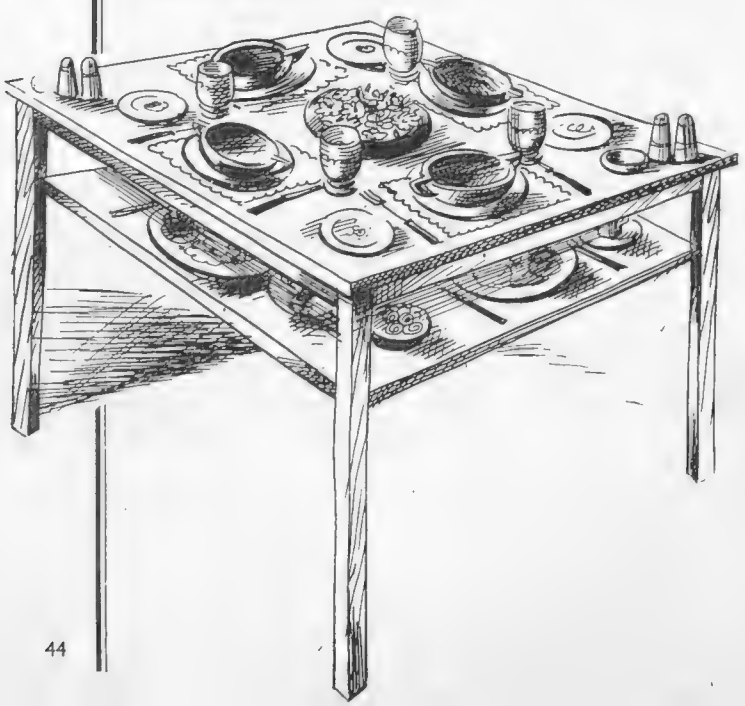
Old-fashioned furniture will solve any number of problems both practical and just merely decorative if you can let yourself go.

For people who are refurnishing or starting from scratch there is hardly a better idea than to hunt around the second-hand shops for those in-between pieces which are neither antique nor modern, but which lend themselves to effective and quick conversions.

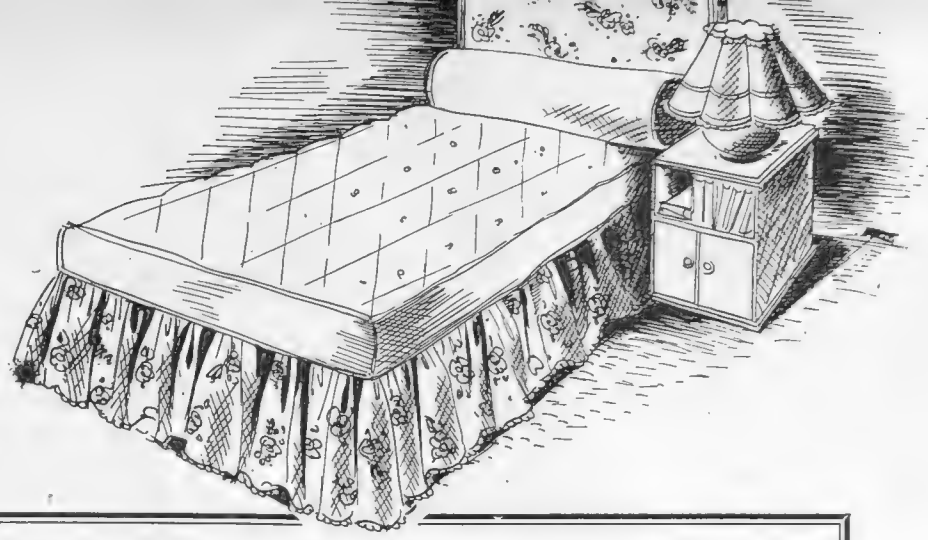
If they are too ornate you simply remove the extraneous trimmings, strip the whole thing of stain and polish, repaint it, and you have a new piece of furniture.

An old chiffonier, a sideboard, an Edwardian dressing-table with swing mirrors make excellent subjects for this sort of treatment.

Stripping isn't difficult, but requires time and patience. There



(Top left) Pretty odds and ends of china make a colourful group to hang above the mantelpiece in an old-fashioned nest of shelves, repainted and lined with a nosegay patterned wall-paper as background. (Left centre) A Victorian pedestal cupboard, stripped and painted and finished with a stencil pattern on the doors, makes a good telephone table and a useful receptacle for magazines. (Centre) Patchwork curtains from odd strips of plain and flowered fabric with scalloped top and hem. (Left) A double-decker table is space saving and labour saving, too. The lower deck can be added to any existing table if the whole is painted over. Dessert is laid at the same time as the first course



(Right) Treatment for a plain oak bedhead which has been painted over and outlined in a contrasting colour. Cut-out sprays of chintz from the same material as the valance are stuck on to the painted head and when thoroughly set varnished over with shellac. (Centre) A semi-permanent flower decoration is posed, fanwise, before a mirror with sprays of evergreen or rhododendron foliage into which some bright artificial flowers are set. Just a few natural flowers are introduced when available to give life and variety. (Centre below) Family photographs are brought together into one arresting feature in a corner setting which has been framed with a painted wood moulding above some simple bookshelves

are several good patent stripping agents on the market and although new paint is scarce, there is still some to be had for real triers. The successful appearance of the new painted surface depends almost entirely upon getting a smooth, clean surface to repaint upon. After the stripping agent has been used, the surface should be carefully washed down and left to dry. After this rub over the surface, piece by piece, with a fine sandpaper to remove every little bit of surplus stain and every scratch which the scraping has left behind. Wash over again and leave it to dry thoroughly before applying the first coat of the new colour.

Just the same, the ornateness which we have come to despise is not always a disadvantage if you make a feature of it. Victorian and Edwardian easy chairs—the kind with the carved wooden frames and arms—can be stripped and painted white or cream, and the plush upholstery replaced with a piece of brilliant satin or chintz with fascinating results.

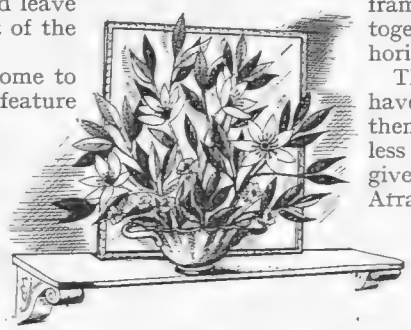
If you prefer the conventional type of scheme you may hesitate to put a white chair in your sitting-room, but you would be unwise to let furnishing conventions hold you down. A dash of the unusual pays handsomely.

You would have to be pretty daring to use a Victorian dressing-table as I have seen one used. That is just as it was—jewel drawers, swing mirror with ornate framing and all—but stripped right down to the naked wood and then painted pale green for a pale green and magenta room. The only ornamentation removed was the ugly brass drawer handles, which were replaced with those delicate flower-patterned china ones.

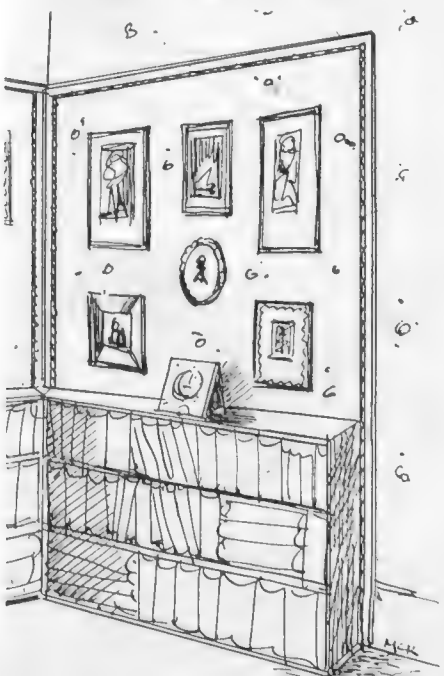
There are some things you get tired of living with. Yet either sentiment or something like it prevents you from disposing of them. Photographs, old bits of china and bric-a-brac are typical. They are like dear relations, you love them and yet you are tired of seeing them around. This is a situation you want to take in hand.

Photographs are intimate and personal and precious but not often decorative. Or, anyway, not until you get them all together and make a feature of them. The arrangement shown in our sketch is rather elaborate but you can modify it. It is probably more suited to a bedroom than any other because the interest of photographs is purely personal, but if your photograph collection happens to be composed entirely of beautiful women and handsome men, try out the new arrangement in a sitting-room.

If it is to be a bedroom feature make a little private picture gallery around your bed. Get all the photographs framed to match and hang them, close together, in rows, either vertical or horizontal.



The same with the china pieces you have scattered about. They are pretty in themselves perhaps, but rather meaningless on their own. Get them together, give them a background and a setting. Arrange them on a glass shelf with a lamp to throw light on them, or salvage one of the pretty old-fashioned corner brackets that used to be so popular. Paint it to fit the colour scheme of the room and arrange the china pieces on it. Any small, old-fashioned cabinet makes a good setting for china and glass if it is painted and lined with a bright colour which gives a flattering contrast to the pieces displayed inside. These little touches don't amount to much on paper, but they add up to big figures in giving that touch of character which rescues a home from the monotonous or the commonplace.



Weight-pulling

QUITE emphatically times have changed since weight-pulling was an accomplishment exclusive to tough gentlemen in tights. To-day every self-respecting housewife is a weight-puller and the really good ones have brains as well as brawn. They need them in order to be sure that not a single little weight that should be lifted in the interests of the war effort is overlooked.

Good weight-pullers have memories as well as muscles. They remember the salvage situation at all times and keep every morsel of paper and metal and bones and rubber and, of course, rags, in their separate and exclusive places.

They are tyrants about fuel saving and their tyranny is directed against themselves. They fuss about dripping taps—which waste power—as much as they fuss about the bath water and in planning menus they make every scrap of food yield its full value and they are always pushing potatoes into the menu.

Good weight-pullers cut down the laundry. They never send things to the harassed laundry which could be washed at home. They never do bits of ironing at odd times, but always make one job of it.

Weight-pulling is such good exercise that exercise becomes a fetish and the expert pullers never ride when they can walk and never travel unless they simply must.

They instruct their children carefully about care in crossing the road, and they encourage every single member of the household to put spare cash into War Savings.

Weight-pullers actually do make their coupons go round.

Weight-pullers are not boring. They don't talk about what they are doing but just quietly do it. They don't tell other people what to do but methodically cultivate their own cabbage patch without fussing.

Fish Curry

Creamed Potatoes, Plain Green Salad

Prune Mould

FISH CURRY

¾ lb. cooked fish; 1 onion or 6 spring onions; 2 or 3 carrots; 1 cup fish stock or household milk; 1 dessertspoonful curry powder; 1 oz. margarine; ½ oz. flour; salt and pepper; chopped parsley or fennel

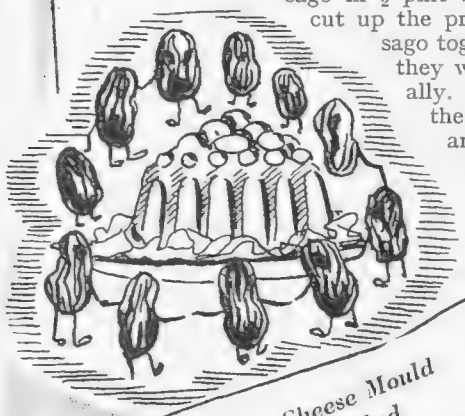
Make fat hot in a casserole, and cook the onion (chopped, including any green part) without browning. Stir in curry powder blended with flour, and fry a little longer. Add the liquid and carrots (shredded). Put in the fish (cut up).

Cover casserole and cook gently, stirring occasionally. Scatter chopped parsley or fennel over before serving.

PRUNE MOULD

¼ lb. prunes; 1 good tablespoonful sago; 1 dessertspoonful sugar; lemon substitute to flavour

Wash prunes and soak overnight in ½ pint water. Soak sago in ½ pint water. Next day stone and cut up the prunes and cook prunes and sago together in the water in which they were soaked. Stir occasionally. Add sugar, and take off the fire. Add lemon substitute, and pour into a wetted mould. Turn out when set.



Cold Spinach Soup

Stuffed Herrings

New Potatoes, Watercress Salad

COLD SPINACH SOUP

Don't make this specially for this meal; serve hot spinach soup the previous day and keep some in the refrigerator. Here is the recipe.

2 oz. fat; 1 dessertspoonful flour; 1 breakfastcupful household milk; 4 breakfastcupfuls spinach water; 4 tablespoonfuls chopped cooked spinach; salt; pepper; nutmeg

Heat fat in saucepan, add flour and stir over the fire for a minute or so. Have the milk hot and add gradually, stirring. Simmer for 10 minutes, and add spinach water. Season with pepper, salt and nutmeg. Simmer 20 minutes, and put through a fine strainer. Add the chopped spinach.

STUFFED HERRINGS

4 herrings; 4 old potatoes (mashed); 5 or 6 spring onions; 1 dried egg (reconstituted); 1 teaspoonful chopped chervil, fennel, or parsley; 3 oz. margarine or other fat; salt and pepper

Chop onion and green part very small and beat up with potatoes, chervil, salt and pepper. Melt 1 oz. margarine and stir it in, then beat in the egg. Clean, behead and split the fish, and take out the backbones. Stuff each fish with the mixture and tie with string. Have ready a casserole, or iron pot, with the rest of the fat in it, and lay the herrings in this. Cover closely and cook slowly, turning as required.

One Hot,

Cheese Mould

Salad

Bakewell Flan

CHEESE MOULD

3 to 4 oz. grated cheese; 1 breakfastcupful breadcrumbs (stale); 1 pint custard (unsweetened); ½ teaspoonful made mustard; salt and pepper

First mix the breadcrumbs with the custard powder and make the custard in the ordinary way. Blend the finely grated cheese thoroughly with the custard, and season with mustard, pepper and salt. Pour into a wetted mould and leave until set in a cold place.

Turn out on a large dish and surround with shredded green salad, radishes and beetroot. Serve a potato solid with it.

BAKEWELL FLAN

Bake this the day before and hot up under the grill before serving. If preferred, it can be eaten cold.

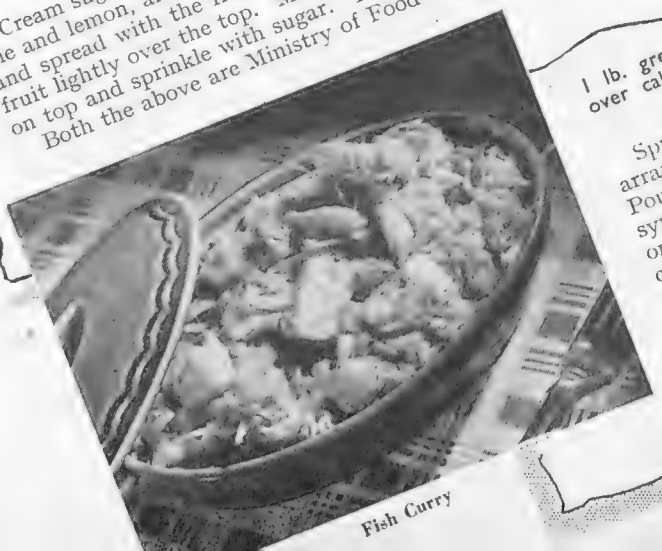
Pastry. 3 tablespoonfuls mashed potato (must be dry); 5 tablespoonfuls self-raising flour; 1 tablespoonful cooking fat; 1 tablespoonful sugar; pinch salt

Rub fat into flour and salt. Beat sugar into potato and mix with flour and fat. Don't add moisture. Roll out.

Filling. 1 tablespoonful sugar; 1 dessertspoonful margarine; lemon substitute for 2 lemons; 3 to 4 tablespoonfuls stewed fruit pulp (rhubarb or gooseberry)

Cream sugar and potato together until fluffy. Add margarine and lemon, and beat well. Line a flan-tin with the pastry and spread with the fruit. Add the filling, and spread more fruit lightly over the top. Make a latticework of pastry strips on top and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven.

Both the above are Ministry of Food recipes.



Fish Curry

American Hamburgers

Sauté Potatoes, Green Peas

Gooseberry Trifle

AMERICAN HAMBURGERS

1 lb. chopped raw beef; 1 tablespoonful chopped spring onions; margarine; salt and pepper

Have the meat finely chopped, or get the butcher to mince it. Mix in the onion, and shape into flat patties. Grill them, or fry in a heavy frying-pan. When cooked put a little margarine on each and season with salt and pepper.

GOOSEBERRY TRIFLE

1 lb. green gooseberries (stewed in ¼ pint water); left-over cake cut in squares; ½ pint custard (flavoured with vanilla); a little jam

Spread the pieces of cake thinly with jam, and arrange them in a glass dish. Pour over them the fruit syrup, and put the fruit on top. Add the custard, leave in a cool place (in the refrigerator if possible), and serve cold.

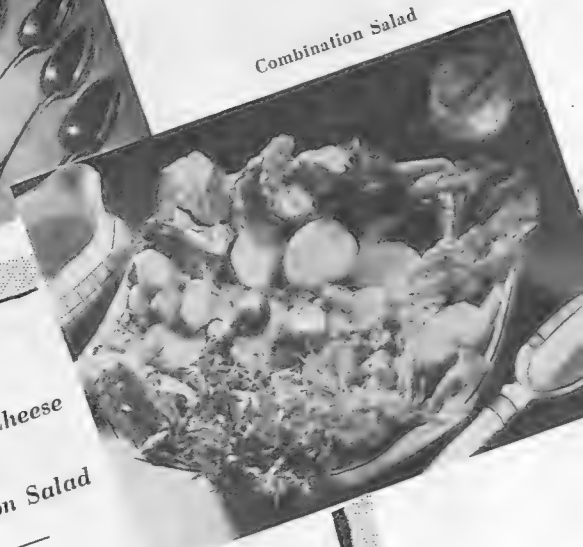
Swedish hors d'œuvre

Cheese and Oatmeal Savoury

Cubed Fried Potatoes, Spinach

Gooseberry Trifle

Combination Salad



Potato and Cheese Soup

Combination Salad

SWEDISH HORS D'ŒUVRE

Arrange on a large dish a choice of the following: liver sausage, sliced cooked black pudding, sardines, grated carrot or turnip, pickled gherkins, potato salad, shredded raw cabbage, radishes, spring onions. Decorate with cress, watercress, or lettuce. Serve crispbread with it.

CHEESE AND OATMEAL SAVOURY

Mixed vegetables, about 1 lb. (onion or spring onions, potatoes, carrots, turnips, leek); 1 oz. margarine or dripping; 6 oz. grated cheese; ½ pint left-over porridge; 1 tablespoonful stale breadcrumbs; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley; pepper and salt

Clean the vegetables, peel where necessary, and cut up small. Make fat hot in a saucepan and add vegetables; cover, and cook slowly for about 10 minutes. Add a little water (not more than a breakfastcupful) and cook very slowly until soft. Mix in the porridge well, then the cheese, reserving some for the top. Season with salt and pepper, and put into a greased casserole dish.

Cover with mixed breadcrumbs and cheese. Put on the lid and cook gently over low heat. Finish under the grill with lid off, and scatter parsley over before serving.

By
Harriet Muir

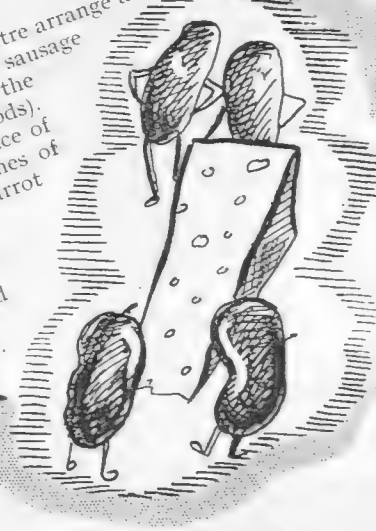
POTATO AND CHEESE SOUP

¼ lb. grated cheese; 2 breakfastcupfuls mashed potato; 1 tablespoonful flour; 4 or 5 chopped spring onions; 2 pints mixed vegetable water and household milk; pepper and salt; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley

Put the potatoes, chopped onion, liquid and salt and pepper in the soup-pan; blend the flour smoothly with a little of the liquid and add it; stir all well together and simmer gently for 20 minutes. Stir in the cheese, just before serving.

COMBINATION SALAD

Have ready a large dish or platter. In the centre arrange a little sliced spam, left-over beef or mutton, American sausage meat, cold sausages, sardines (not much, the idea is to economise in these rationed foods). In groups round the centre arrange a choice of these: crisp lettuces cut in quarters, bunches of watercress, shredded raw or cubed cooked carrot or turnip, cooked peas, potato salad, sliced radishes, dandelion leaves, spring onions, cold cooked vegetables of any sort. Have at least 4 different things, and arrange them attractively. Hand home-made mayonnaise with it.



One Cold

Cold meals save fuel — but there are days even in May when a cold meal seems a bit cheerless. Here, then, are half a dozen menus each of two courses, one hot and one cold. The hot dishes don't demand the oven or other high-powered cooking, and many of the items can be prepared and cooked the day before

May Specials

JUGGED PEAS

The first peas are such a luxury on the wartime menu that they should be cooked with extra care and served, preferably, as a course by themselves.

1 lb. green peas; 1 teaspoonful sugar; 1 tablespoonful fat; salt and pepper.

Have ready a jar with a well-fitting lid. Put the peas, shelled, into the jar with the sugar, fat and seasoning. (A sprig of mint can be added if you like, but the delicious flavour of young peas is considered better without it.) Put the lid on the jar and put it in a pan of hot water. The water should come about half-way up the jar. Bring to the boil and simmer until peas are done (about thirty minutes). Shake the jar occasionally.

SOUSED HERRING

6 fresh herrings, 20 peppercorns, salt, bayleaf, shallot (optional), vinegar, pinch allspice, 1 teaspoonful sugar.

Behead, clean and scale the fish and put them in an earthenware baking dish. Cover with a mixture of vinegar and water in equal quantities, adding seasonings. Bake slowly in the oven for one hour.

GOOSEBERRY PIE

1½ pints green gooseberries, 2 oz. sugar, 4 oz. potato short-crust pastry.

Top and tail gooseberries (using scissors) and put in a deep pie dish; in the centre have a pie funnel. Add sugar. Make a rim of pastry around the dish, brush with milk and put on the pastry lid. Decorate the top, make holes to let steam escape and bake in a hottish oven for about forty-five minutes.

LETTUCE SOUP

2 lettuces, or equivalent bulk in outside lettuce leaves; 3 or 4 spring onions; 1 tablespoonful fat; 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls coarsely chopped parsley; salt and pepper.

Wash and cut up the lettuces. Cook till soft in the fat, along with the onions (finely chopped) and the parsley. Now add about 2 pints boiling water, and season. Simmer for about forty-five minutes. If you can spare it, the cream skimmed off the milk is an improvement, added just before serving.

Mothers Must Be Fathers

The war has brought a lot of day-to-day problems to women, not all of them big ones, but together they make life an exacting business.

One of these is the special bugbear of mothers who are deprived by the war of the steadying masculine influence of a father.

Some women have such an easy talent for control. In any case, not all children are hard to handle, but even the woman who is gifted with a firm hand faces the psychological difficulties of playing father.

The very tenderness of mother love is, in itself, a partial obstacle to discipline. The impulse to indulge and cosset and to gloss over the faults which are inherent in all healthy young animals becomes a fault when the full responsibilities of training are a mother's alone.

Fathers are, in general, more successful disciplinarians. They are not less loving, but they are certainly less sentimental and it is this quality of detachment that the woman on her own must learn to cultivate.

The reasons for a man's easier command of authority are easy to detect. He is more consistent. If he issues a command it must be obeyed. Not so with mother. She can be swayed. She may threaten a dozen times, but her threats are seldom carried into effect like father's.

A small boy whose father is away in the Army is typical of this unconscious exploitation of mother sentiment. He is a young person of emphatic views and his views about school, to which he has just been put for the first time, are that he doesn't like it. So he declines to go.

Some weeks of dispute about this have reduced his mother to a state of nervous exhaustion. She yearns for his father's support, but in fact there is very little the father could do that she cannot do herself.

In his first days at school she was, quite naturally, very concerned for his happiness. She overwhelmed him with solicitous inquiries. Did he like it? Were the other children nice? Young John, who found the new and somewhat surprising discipline of school life a little startling, sensed an anxiety complex and a loophole. " No, I don't like it and I won't go."

His father would never have shown the same solicitude, though he might have felt it. "Well, old man, what was it like? Can you read yet?" would have been his greeting. He would have shown no anxiety complex. " But I don't like it " from John would probably have met with the blunt response : " *No,* neither did I at first, but I had to go."

The factor of sex antagonism arises to make the way more difficult for mothers with growing sons. The small boy, increasingly conscious of his masculine authority, tries to put a fast one over on an indulgent mother. His attitude to her is a modification of his attitude to his young sisters : " You're just a girl." But the woman who is a real companion to her son and not merely the person who fusses over his comfort ; the woman who shares his interests to the best of her capacity and sympathises with the struggles of a developing ego, can never get far adrift from her boy.

Girls miss their father. There is a peculiar tenderness between a man and his daughter which even a mother's affection cannot easily replace.

A typical case is one of a nine-year-old girl who had a delightful companionship with her father. She was always a tomboy, but her scrapes since her father went away are alarming.

" I can't do anything with her, she's incorrigible without her father," her mother says. There is a masculine streak in this child that found a tender understanding in her father. Even if he punished her for some of her exploits he understood them. Her mother was merely exasperated, and sees only defiance in the determined young woman who continues to read a book in spite of all entreaties to do her homework.

The understanding link is missing now. The kindred spirit upon whose judgment she depended and whose word was law is gone. When she is escorted home by a policeman her excuse is : "I'm not afraid of anything," and she's not.

It is not always easy, simply because a child is your own, to understand it. Mothers who are trying to be fathers must cultivate detachment and tolerance and an infinite discretion to add to those qualities of tenderness and toleration which, desirable as they are, have to be tempered, if discipline is to be enforced.

Louisa Kay

Dolcis Casuals

Step out of doors wearing a pair of DOLCIS CASUALS and you have to admit that walking is a joy. Made up in soft unlined leathers with contrasting calf platform and wedge to give you extra support, they are as smart as they are practical * * * * *

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Mamma Mia (*Continued from page 12*)

"I'm going to hold your hand," said his mother. "You're feverish. You've got a touch of croup and I'm going to get the Vapocresolene, and I'm going to read you one story while you promise to breathe up that Vapocresolene. I know you'll be a good boy because Daddy's coming home on leave and I've got lots to tell him about you."

The sub-lieutenant answered: "In all my life I've had nothing but gratitude to you and to Daddy. I used to think about it at prep school. You know those awful days when you suddenly wake up and wonder what the deuce you are, and you don't know and there's nobody you can ask?"

His mother answered: "That's normal and natural. Of course you don't know what you are. You only learn that when you're not. And as for gratitude, can you imagine greater gratitude than for a woman to know that her son thinks of her? Do you remember when I used to say to you that you didn't have to write often, but that if you did it would be grand?"

The sub-lieutenant winced. "I thought of that last year. Every time I saw a German bomber I thought of it, because there was always something I wanted to write to you and I couldn't write it to anybody else. But you see that's when a chap finds there's no address he can write to, and all he can do is to write a letter and read it and remember it, and tear it up and be so ashamed."

A trickle of tears moved some of the rime, a pixy piece of rime, from where his head lay. His mother stroked his hair. "Cry-baby," she said. "Do you remember when Daddy couldn't make you cry that time you cut one epaulet to pieces when he was a lieutenant-commander and had borrowed them from Uncle Bernard? That's when you should have been hurt and sorry for yourself. But it must have been dark, locked in that cupboard under the stairs. And now, you big booby, the sun is shining and you're taking your mother to tea at Gunters, with your own money. What do you think the other people will say?"

The sub-lieutenant reached for a third macaroon. "We had a dance," he said. "Not just ourselves, as usual. And she was taller than me—rather jolly, didn't talk too much. Looked rather like you, I thought, only not quite so—so—well, you know——"

"That's better," said his mother. "How on earth you're going to get the benefit of that oil I rubbed your chest with unless you just lie quietly and don't kick the covers off, I don't know. In fact, I think I'll go and call Dr. Trevelyan and tell him that you haven't got tonsillitis at all, and all you need is a good dose of castor oil."

The sub-lieutenant squeezed her hand. "I remember just before poor little Turk died, in that accident, we had to give him that medicine for mange. I don't want the doctor to come. I don't want him to come. But I'm very thirsty, Mummy."

"You can have some more lemon and barley water. That's all you can have. And I shouldn't be here, as you know," said his mother. "You've got another three weeks to go before you're clear of infection, and scarlet fever is a nasty thing. Now you mustn't drink quickly."

A gull, circling idly, squinted down and saw within the inanimate bulge of rubber, of which he had never been afraid, an equally inanimate blob of humanity, of which now he was not afraid. He volplaned down for a quick investigation, but in the sunshine there was silence, and his scant brain, perceiving a fishy ripple, betook him from the Carley Float. As he dived for the fish he imagined nothing on the Float was alive, but it was not his mew's province to think beyond the station in which the overseer had placed him; and he swallowed the fish and leapt upwards and northwards. As he rose from the water an Italian pith helmet, water-logged, floated by him; but he was no longer hungry, nor was he unduly inquisitive.

There was peace now on the Float. Within his mother's arms, resting as he had rested when the blank of birth is followed by the realisations of baby existence, the sub-lieutenant moved so gently onwards to his destiny.

"Sleep," said his mother. "Sleep, as all of us have slept."

"I didn't throw Turk out of the window," whispered the sub-lieutenant.

"Really, Toodles," said his mother. "I'll spank you if you're not asleep in two minutes. And just to show you that I know you didn't throw Turk out of the window, here's Turk. Now he'll sit by your cot till you go to sleep, and he'll lick your fingers only once. Then you must go to sleep. Otherwise——"

"Otherwise," said the sub-lieutenant, "you'll tell Daddy."

"Yes, I'll tell Daddy," said his mother. "Now, here's Turk. Nobody threw Turk out of the window. Turk is going to lick your fingers once, and when you wake, Turk will come down to the living-room and tell me. Good night, my darling. It will soon be good morning. Turk is with you. You can feel him now, licking your fingers—but only once. Good night, my darling. Good night."

"Mamma mia," whispered the sub-lieutenant.

And the zephyr this time didn't want to leave his golden hair.

OLD BILL JAGGERS, one of the coxswains from the destroyer, saw the Float first from the rescue ship. As the whale-boat approached it the boat's crew could hear excited barking and yelping.

"My gawd," said Bill Jaggers, "there's old Happy Hooligan. How the hell did he get aboard? I didn't see him when she broke in two. He must have been up on the bridge with the sub, as usual."

As they approached the Float the wire-haired fox terrier danced for a second, and then, with infinite grief, went back to the body of the sub-lieutenant.

His adam's apple working like a piston, the coxswain picked up the boy's body as though he were lifting a baby from a cot. He sat with it across his knees as the whale-boat pulled back to the *Vigilant*.

That night in the mess he sat alone for a while, and punched Squito Johnson on the nose for singing. "You're disturbing my writing," he said. "I only write to the old woman once every leap year." "Dear Mabel," he wrote, "the young gentleman looked happier than even his smiling face ever looked the months I served with him."

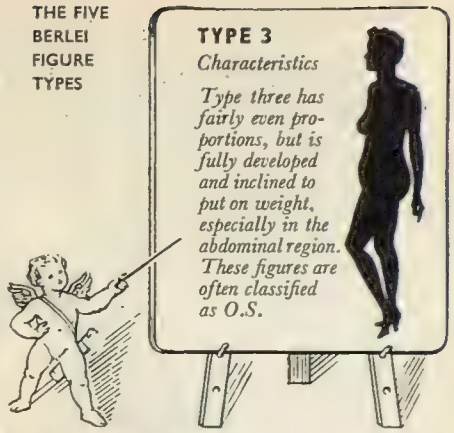
END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

Artaxerxes deepened to protestations of love—all of which were eagerly devoured by the fascinated girl.

Meanwhile the war went on with no abatement of its intensity. In the daily strife, with thousands of arrows flying to and fro on fatal errands, no one noticed the few that were carrying messages of love. One of these actually brought a proposal of marriage, which opened out for the princess the dazzling prospect of becoming Empress of Persia, the wife of a man who dared to challenge the Roman might, the hero who was destined to assume the mantle of Cyrus the Great.

This proposal turned her head completely. She knew her father would never consent. Artaxerxes knew it too, and suggested that she should acquaint him whether there was some weak spot in the fortress through which he could introduce his men and take the place without bloodshed. Once master of the situation, he could enforce his will. Not even then did she (*Continued on page 52*)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feel any pricking of the needle of suspicion. There *was* a weak spot—a subterranean passage leading to the vast granaries where hundreds of men could hide. Should she tell him of it? This was surely a tremendous opportunity to bring about a peaceful solution—and surely her father would forgive her when he saw her wearing the imperial diadem. With this enticing picture in her mind, she wrote down in detail the fatal information requested and dispatched it by arrow to Artaxerxes.

Artaxerxes was too well acquainted with the art of war not to take full advantage of this precious chance. One night he organised an attack with flaming distaffs which attracted the attention of the garrison from the actual objective of his men. Under cover of darkness, hundreds of soldiers were pouring into the granaries. At daybreak they sprang a surprise. From nowhere, it seemed, enemy soldiers appeared right inside the heart of the defences. They flung open the gates, and in rushed the rest. The onslaught did not last long, but it was bitter and ferocious, and the defenders realised the futility of further fighting.

Alsawad was beside himself with rage. He had to be forcibly restrained from exposing himself to fatal injury. He knew that someone had betrayed him. But—*who?*

His astonishment knew no bounds when he faced the hated Artaxerxes and saw at his side his own beloved daughter, with whom he appeared to be on the most affectionate terms.

Artaxerxes took a grim pleasure in telling his vanquished adversary the whole story, and afterwards avowed his intention to wed his daughter. Like Amonastro in *Aida*, poor Alsawad was left nothing but the empty satisfaction of cursing his own flesh and blood, and he openly called his daughter the "slave of the enemy." The marriage eventually took place with all the pomp and ceremony the Persians loved. Soon the traces of war were wiped out, and in spite of the gloom which filled the subjects of Alsawad the scene became that of continual festival.

The King of Kings and Queen of Queens spent their honeymoon in the castle, surrounded by every luxury and entertainment, which included the dancers belonging to the royal train who were famous for their eastern dances.

Before many days had elapsed Artaxerxes asked the queen one morning, without revealing the cause of the question, how her father had formerly treated her. She replied that he had always loved her devotedly and had given her every proof of his affection. As she uttered the last words she saw with dismay that the face of her husband had changed into a mask of hatred. Through clenched teeth he said: "If thou hast been unnatural enough to betray thy father who loved thee, and from whom, as thou hast confessed, thou didst never receive any cause of displeasure, what fidelity can I expect from thee? I will not expose myself to thy treachery, for that which thou hast been guilty of deserves the most rigorous chastisement!"

He commanded that she should be tied by her hair to a wild horse, and that the animal should be whipped to a mad gallop until her body was torn to pieces. Frozen by shock and terror, she was taken away before she had a chance to utter a word in her own defence.

The grim preparations were made outside the castle walls, and the unhappy Alsawad was compelled to watch the brutal spectacle of his daughter's death.

Ignoble was the conquest; still more ignoble the man who achieved it by such guile. But the day of reckoning was soon to come for him, for that was his last victory. Later on, the Emperor Alexander and his Roman legions crushed to dust the man who had wanted to build an empire on a woman's frailty.

END

Strife Without End

(*Continued from page 25*)

voracious ship-worm soon develops sharp, pincer-like jaws, with which it rapidly eats its way through the wood, building at the same time a bony shell around itself as a protection for its soft, worm-like body. These parasites sometimes attain lengths of a foot and a half, and their horny structures are even larger. The ship-worm doesn't work in silence. If you apply your ear to timber containing living ship-worms, a sharp, rasping sound can be heard—testimony to their insatiable appetite and unflagging industry.

Left undisturbed, the borer, or ship-worm, will eat everything except the knots in the wood—eventually reducing even the stoutest structures to frail honeycombs. There is no letting-up in the fight with this unseen foe.

Sea defence is usually undertaken by local firms long familiar with the problems involved, and employing men whose fathers and grandfathers before them did battle with the sea. Sea defence includes repairs to sea walls, the renovation of piers and esplanades, the maintenance of groynes and breakwaters, as well as the building of all new sea works.

Recently the sea reclaimed a golf course that had been laid out on the springy salt turf of the marshes nearly thirty years ago. A few days and nights of wild weather and high tides made access to the course impossible, and when the floods at last subsided the course and club-house were found to be hopelessly destroyed. Today, the flag of the club still flies from the roof of the ruined club-house, giving a queerly incongruous note to a scene of utter desolation.

The sea has won this battle.

END

The Sea's Greatest Animal

(*Continued from page 20*)

known, but the most likely theory is that it is caused by a bout of indigestion! The sperm whale lives largely on the giant squid, and parts of this creature have been found embedded in the centre of lumps of ambergris.

But whatever may be the cause of ambergris any one who finds a lump need not worry about that—he has a worth-its-weight-in-gold substance in his hands. When it is eventually turned over to the perfumers they use it to retain the fragrance ("prolong the note" as the experts say) of the more expensive perfumes.

In search of its prey, the sperm whale dives to immense depths. The most amazing record of deep diving which I have come across occurred in 1932. When a submarine cable was hauled to the surface it was found that a dead sperm whale had become entangled with it. Perhaps the whale thought the cable was a new kind of giant squid.

The depth from which the cable and whale were hauled up was 3,240 feet. That means that this whale, carrying over half a mile of sea-water on its back, would have been subject to a pressure of approximately 1,400 lb. to the square inch.

Besides the sperm whale, one other member of the toothed whales may be mentioned—that wolf of the sea, the killer whale. It is terrible in its strength and ferocity. Afraid of nothing that swims, it will attack a whale three times its own size.

Killers have their own way of capturing seals that may think themselves secure on an ice-floe. Swimming swiftly upwards from the depths, the killer butts its nose against the floe, sometimes (*Continued on page 54*)

HARTLEY'S REPLACE FAMOUS MARMALADE *with* ALL-ORANGE WARTIME SPECIAL

The Ministry of Food decrees that we must not manufacture any more of our world-famous Aintree Marmalade this year. But we are all ready with a really first-rate wartime marmalade in the best Hartley home-made tradition. Half the oranges in this new marmalade are the finest that come from Seville, the other half being sweet. These, blended with sugar, ensure the very best product that can be made to-day.

So remember to look out for the green label—and remember, too, that delicious as the new marmalade is, we're looking forward to seeing Aintree Marmalade back on our breakfast table just as much as you are!

HI4

Less Time for Housework

Housewives, whose time for home duties is curtailed by war work, find Mansion Polish a real help in keeping the home bright, clean and healthy

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Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhœa, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

See Harella utility coats and suits at any good Fashion Store. Or if in difficulty, write to L. Harris Limited, 243 Regent Street, London, W.1. (*Wholesale Showrooms*)

striking it with such force that two-foot-thick ice splinters like window-glass. The seal is knocked into the sea, where it is quickly torn apart and eaten by the killers.

The largest whales in the world, and therefore the largest animals which this world has ever witnessed, are found among the whalebone whales. Whalebone is a horny, flexible substance which grows from the palate of the whale. Each whalebone is about a third of an inch thick, and there is a space of about a quarter of an inch between the individual blades of which a whale has several hundreds. The whalebone is used as a sort of sieve. Whalebone whales live on small organisms in the sea which are drawn into the whale's huge mouth with water. When food and water are passed through the whalebone, the water runs away but the food is held fast by the whalebone sieve.

It is a surprising fact that the largest creature in the world should live mainly on

The Sea's Greatest Animal

creatures about the size of grasshoppers. Yet this is literally true, for the "krill," which the whalebone whales sieve through their whalebone, are shrimp-like animals about the size of our English grasshoppers. Evidently these great animals thrive on such fare, for they put on weight during their first year or so of life at over a hundred pounds per day!

When full-grown, a blue whale, the largest of all whales, may weigh 120 tons, or about the combined weight of a village of 2,000 inhabitants. From such a whale the whalers would be able to obtain some 170 barrels of oil, which, if put to making margarine, would keep a good number of families supplied with their fat ration for months. Yet despite its immense weight, a blue whale, when pursued by the whalers, can travel at nearly twenty miles an hour.

END

A Land Fit For Tourists?

(*Continued from page* 13)

After the last war, Americans waited from two to three years before re-invading Europe as tourists, when nine-tenths of them headed for the Continent, and stayed there. Why should they do differently next time? Their troops will have been in most parts of the Continent, with which Americans have many more ties than they have with Britain. And Americans believe they can have a gayer, freer, more comfortable and rewarding time abroad, and for less outlay, than Britain habitually offers. If we avoid this kind of judgment, and do nothing to remedy affairs, we shall only be running into a fresh disappointment.

I ONCE heard an expert define the key to a successful tourist industry as lying in the verbs "to regale, refresh and interest." If a country could accomplish these, and provided, of course, that climate and scenery were up to the mark, then tourists would be drawn, would come back again, and send others. To give good value in food and comfort; to offer easy facilities for relaxation; and to stimulate the mind, keeping it lively.

Now, all luck to Bevin if he thinks he is going to get good cooking *in foreign eyes* from 100,000 ex-Army cooks. There is no doubt that Wooltonism has made the race more tummy-conscious than ever in the past. But it will still have to prove that it is other than the worst-feeding country in Europe, considering the excellent raw materials that lie to hand. "England," as a continental visitor once observed, "is a land of numerous religions and one sauce."

Then about bedrooms and service "comfort." Foreigners think that in all save the high-priced hotels, our beds and fittings leave much to be desired, while they complain of slowness and lack of interest on the part of staffs. To such as haughtily proclaim: "We are not, of course, a hotel people—not made for serving in hotels," I say then don't expect to get tourists from other countries.

Incidentally, some of these opinions of Allied troops over here can be made to carry on this article. On the "likes" side, one finds:

Girls in slacks;	Smoking in cinemas;
Whisky;	Kindliness;
Week-ends;	Five o'clock tea.

Among the dislikes are:

Sunday;	The weather;
Closing time;	Slowness;
Cooking;	Dull sports.

What can be got out of this bunch from the viewpoint of the foreign tourist in peace time?

I have already dealt with the cooking and the slowness. Let us see about the remaining "dislikes." Dull sports, among which are cited the national addiction to golf, fishing and cricket. Here our critics are in wartime error. In normal times tourists who like watching sport can get as good an eyeful of it here as anywhere in the world, and without taking in cricket, golf or fishing.

Sunday and closing time may be taken together, and they are an important couple. As long as we sniff at the continental Sunday we are not going to be a tourist country for the simple reason that the chief things which have gone to make the leading tourist countries are precisely to be found in the all-round relaxation common to Sundays, and the greater freedom of café hours and life. A. P. Herbert says in a criticism of Bevin: "Everywhere in town and country, there should be far more cheap, clean, decent eating-houses, where man and wife and family could refresh themselves together, with good cooking, gracious surroundings, skilled and contented service, and, if desired, the wine of the country! Such places can be found in every street in continental towns."

Yes, and most of them open on Sundays too, and until midnight every night; places where families can forgather, instead of children being left long outside pub doors, as here; one of the most disagreeable sights in "civilisation," brought about by local Stiginses and morons who will not allow the improvement of the pub lest drinking be increased, whereas it has been irrefutably proved that the reverse occurs. There is far more drinking against time in a sordid British pub than ever I've come across in a continental café.

How are you to expect foreign tourists to flock to the beauty spots of Bonnie Scotland if they have to leave even their women outside the pubs, as I had to do at Pitlochry? A land fit for tourists indeed! "Ernie" Bevin will have to produce many more succulent prospects for foreigners than the chance of gazing on us blitzed ones.

The English Sunday with its closed, closed, everything closed, is as ghastly to foreigners as the continental Sunday is to our old played-out councillors who rule this whole vital business of how we shall amuse ourselves and spend our leisure. Municipality chief Tiptaft of Birmingham has the right idea when he says there will be nothing doing until young people's entry into local politics is facilitated. Only that way, and gradually, will such things as sensible licensing laws be secured in keeping with the athletic, open-air times; and Sunday theatres and cinemas up and down the land, divorced from the control of the pussyfoots.

The best eventual hope for Tourist Britain will lie in the people realising, at a time when the nation must sell *and* sell, that the merchants of gloom work with opposing effect.

Verily is Britain sufficiently handicapped in the tourist sense, without being gratuitously saddled by the cocoa-veined. Just think of four major things for which tourists search:

Good, reliable weather.
Appetising, good food.
The personal freedom typified by café life.
Holiday "winners" such as warm sea-bathing and winter sport.
Just think!

END

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Lasting smartness saves money, and so
They wear shirts of 'Viyella'—Or maybe 'Clydella'—
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Collars extra.

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VOTRIX VERMOUTH

Votrix, produced at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey may often be difficult to get, owing to wartime restrictions, but it is still available. "Dry," bottle size 6/9d. "Sweet," bottle size 6/3d.

Eat without Pain

Is your system still trying to digest your last meal? You are troubled with wind round the heart and painful indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. This acid spoils every mouthful you eat. It makes food indigestible.

You can stop these distressing attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They remove the cause of digestive upset at once. Whatever you eat—your food remains sweet and digestible. The stomach functions naturally, without any painful after-effects. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets to-day.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' BRAND (Regd.) **TABLETS**

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Beloved Torso

(*Continued from page 28*)

I therefore, no other course being open to me at this juncture, resolve to enlist the good offices of my other pupil, and accordingly summon him from his shadow boxing at the far end of the gym.

"All I want you to do, Hugh," I tell him, having introduced the breathless students to each other in proper form, "is just to let yourself go. Don't stiffen up—that sort of heedlessness, though understandable, is what leads to fractured members. If you find yourself in any difficulty, and are temporarily speechless owing to the nature of the grip, just tap on the mat. All right? Then let's go!"

Thereupon I proceed to flourish him through the air once or twice, in as near slow-motion as possible, in order that Mary may assimilate the underlying technique. Gradually, as I see that she is following intelligently, I quicken the process up, increasing the vigour of the throws, and in the meantime continuing my admonitions.

Finally, I ask her if she thinks she has it; and on her answering in the affirmative, I turn to Pendown—whom, however, I find still lying on the mat.

Assisting him to his feet, I ask him if he is all right.

"I think so," he says, with a rather forced smile. "You have the knack of breaking the throws. I'm just a little giddy, that's all."

"Walk round for a minute or two," I advise him—explaining, in an aside, that to walk round for a minute or two is always the best way to recuperate from exertion, since it obviates the bends. "If you're ready now," I continue, "Miss Mary will try a few throws, while I study her for errors."

Though an apt pupil, naturally enough Mary is not up in the art of breaking a fall in practice; and both in the head chancery and the flying mare, Pendown comes down on the mat with an emphatic impact.

But two more throws have Pendown so obviously groggy that I decide enough is as good as a feast, order him to the showers, and turn to Mary with the intent once more to run over the pressure points with her. She is looking after Pendown, however.

"What a magnificent physique, professor," she comments, in a low tone. "Positively Greek!"

I am somewhat taken aback at this, and glance after the scholar with new eyes.

To my surprise, he does not go through the door to the showers, but, tired as he is, assumes a posture on the wall bars.

"I thought I said 'showers'!" I call to him.

"I just wanted to run through my abdominals," he replies, drawing up his knees to his chest.

I have not the heart to discourage such tenacity. Also, Mary is looking at the scholar with feminine admiration.

When she leaves that night, with the enigmatic Sergeant Pumphrey, "Brains Trust" Pendown goes along in the capacity of escort.

I HAVE a great respect for education, and am always much interested in the old saws from Plato, and other bygone sports commentators, with which Pendown verbally annotates the progressive phases of my tuition. On the night of the next lesson, he mentions a certain Lysippus.

"Who's Lysippus?" I ask absently. "Another of these Greeks?"

"He was a sculptor," says Pendown. "He expressed an Arcadian philosophy in bronze and marble."

I am conscious that, so saying, he strikes an attitude, and I turn to see. He is holding the attitude, which is one suggestive of strength and grace, at the same time looking sidelong at himself in the mirror.

"That," he observes, "is a pose Lysippus used to like very much to put his models in. But," he adds, relaxing, "it must have come hard on the models."

"Not if the science of muscle control was understood in those days," I tell him—"or, as the Americans call it, I believe, dynamic tension."

"Oh, I expect the Greeks had a word for it, too," says the scholar. "What is it, exactly."

"The science," I explain, "of opposing one muscle against another, so developing both and ultimately arriving at complete control over the individual muscles. It's a very valuable form of exercise when properly conducted, and you don't need any apparatus whatever—except a mirror."

With that, I peel off the blouse of the track suit I habitually wear about the gym, and give him a brief demonstration.

"Gosh, that's marvellous!" he exclaims. "It's almost like a dance of the muscles! It—it's æsthetic!"

"That's as may be," I reply, re-zipping my blouse. "It's the finest body-building exercise there is. Try it yourself. It's not so simple as it looks, but you've got a good body, really—Miss Mary commented on it, only the other night."

"She *did?*" says Pendown, looking pleased.

He turns to the mirror.

Just then, a voice calls, from out in the gym: "Anybody home?"

"There's Miss Mary now," I say. "I got to go out and get the mats ready for her—Sid's off to the NAAFI again. You better get the gloves on and do a bit of shadow boxing, not stand there twitching. I'm going to hit you about a bit to-night. You can't expect to fight a man like Tug Walker without getting hurt, and you got to learn to take it as well as dish it out."

A shadow passes over his face.

Nevertheless, this is an important matter, and when I've got Mary co-ordinated, down at the far end of the gym, I return to Pendown to emphasise my views.

"Tug Walker's a street scrapper," I remind him, as I pull on the gloves. "You got to learn to stay on your feet if he happens to land a couple of haymakers—because, if you go down, you're done for, I give you that straight. What you got to do is learn *not* to go down. O.K.? Then let's mix it!"

He leads with his left, but I slip it easily and shake him up with the old one-two. He is taller than I am, and has a good, natural body defence, I notice; but he falls for a feint every time, covering up as if his life depends on it. I warm his ears for him for a bit, hitting fairly heavy for his own good.

He does a bit better after that, but he still does not seem to go into it with the enthusiasm you would expect of a man shaping up for a grudge fight. He has told me his plan is to get his humiliation off his mind before he goes on leave. That is about another fortnight. He knows where Tug takes his beverage, and his idea is he will wait for some moonlight night, then go into this pub and pick on Tug, and then suggest they go out in a field and settle it.

I can see, as I take off the gloves and order him to the showers, that I shall have to work hard on him this next fortnight.

Mary is more of a comfort to me. I put her through her throws, and she smacks me down on the mat half a dozen times with no little conviction. I never had an apter pupil—and lady-like with it all.

While she is getting changed, with Sergeant Rosa Pumphrey hovering with sinister looks outside the door of the dressing-room, I adjourn to my office. To my surprise, Pendown is in there, in front of the long mirror, practising muscle control.

"If you're going to see Miss Mary back to her quarters," I remarked, "you'd better be getting dressed."

"True," he says, turning. But he hesitates for a moment—then says casually: "By the way, professor, have you any idea just why she's going in for this Japanese barbarism?"

I have to chuckle, remembering the conversation in "The Golden Hind" that night, and the way Mary's blonde friend lets the cat out of the bag when she mentions "John." I have long ago (*Continued on page 58*)

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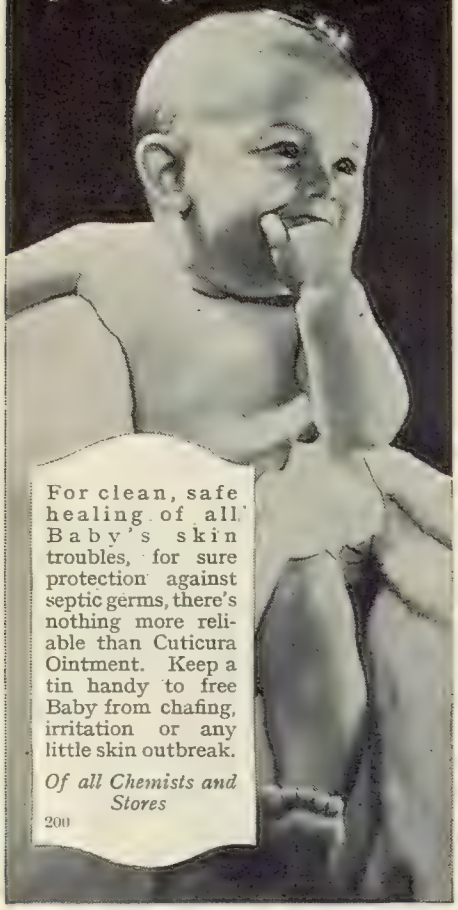

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put two and two together about that.

"She's engaged or something to a fellow called John," I explain to Pendown. "I suspect he's in the Services, and is mad about athletics, and she wants to give him a surprise when he comes on leave, and show him *she* knows a bit about it, too. Females are like that. If they love a man, they're always passionately interested in what he's interested in."

"H'm," says the scholar.

AT the next lesson, he complains of a puffed ear, where I have warmed it with a right hook, and wants to know will it cauliflower. I take a look at the ear, and it is up like a balloon tyre.

"Don't worry," I reassure him. "Ears'll stand a lot of wrenching and grinding before they cauliflower. Take me. I've been fighting for years—wrestling and boxing—yet look at *my* ears!"

He looks at them, but does not seem to derive much comfort.

He fingers his own member, muttering: "If this is *with* the gloves——"

But just then Sid, my orderly—who is not at the NAAFI, for a wonder—comes in in his blundering way, and says: "The lady's here, sir."

There is not much more I can do for Mary, really, so many of the more ferocious locks and holds being ill-adapted for use by a female. She is the aptest pupil I have ever had, poised, intelligent, accurate. I am genuinely proud of a good job well done; she does me credit, and I tell her so, candidly.

"There's no need for you to go on with formal lessons," I say. "Come up any time you want a refresher, or to do any suppling-up exercises. But you may now be described as graduated."

She is highly delighted at my commendation; and, to tell the truth, I am just as glad to be able to devote all the time possible to Pendown. When I have trained a man, I like to be sure he will put up a creditable performance, and somehow I am not quite happy about Pendown, I cannot say why.

Incidentally, I am further concerned by the somewhat belated reflection that, should he and his tormentor fall to—as planned—in a field, and one or other sustain damage involving hospitalisation, my own position will be open to censure should it come out that I, Warrant Officer i/c P.T., have egged Pendown on to the encounter by training him for it. It will be said that, as head of the P.T. staff, I should see that grudge fights are conducted in a seemly manner in the gyms.

This is more and more on my mind as the date of Pendown's leave draws near, and as, with deepening misgivings, I observe the moon to be irresistibly approaching the full. It finally reaches this effulgent condition four nights prior to the day Pendown is due to collect his pass; and as, on this particular night, I leave my billet to go to the gyms and give the scholar a final polishing-up, the moon is already shedding a chilly brilliance over the camp. Just as I close the door of my billet behind me, a voice calls out:—

"Hey, Tug, where goin'?"

One of a small group going past the huts turns round, and I recognise the ill-favoured countenance of Tug Walker.

"Down 'The Blue Monkey,'" he says. "Comin'?"

The inquirer joins the group, which moves on toward the gates—leaving me thinking. What I am thinking is that here is a good opportunity to have the business over with. Pendown might just as well wipe out his humiliation to-night as to-morrow night; and I will have a hand in it. What I will do, I decide, is fetch Pendown from the gyms, take him down to this pub, "The Blue Monkey," and while I wait outside, let him pick his quarrel with Tug. But when they come recriminating out, I will not let them fight in any field; I will bring them back to the gyms, if I have to put the handcuff hold on the pair of them to do it, and make them have it out there, *with* gloves, me seeing fair play.

No sooner the thought than the deed, and I step it out, heel and toe, in my usual brisk style, for the gyms, where I find Pendown

already changed and admiringly opposing his own muscles against each other before the mirror.

"Enough of that!" I notify him. "Get dressed! We're going out!"

"Where to?" he asks, startled.

"Never mind where to," I reply. "You'll see soon enough!"

I keep Pendown entertained with inconsequential observations until we have almost arrived at "The Blue Monkey." Then, as the white façade of the hostelry looms up ahead in the moonlight, I pause and give it him straight from the shoulder.

"Well, Hugh," I say, "here we are! I've done all I can for you; I can't do more; it's up to you, now."

"What on earth are you talking about?" he says.

I point to the pub. "Tug Walker's in there, now," I say. "All you got to do is walk in, pick your quarrel, and you'll be able to go on leave a new man, with a new self-respect."

He looks at the pub, and it seems to me his face turns a shade paler in the moonlight.

"What's the matter with you?" I ask. "Isn't this what you've trained for all these weeks?"

"It—it's what I *thought* I was training for," he says, in a queer tone.

I experience a sudden, demoralising qualm. "Hugh, lad—you aren't *afraid* of him?"

He stands silent for a long minute, looking at the pub.

"Not," he says, at last, in that same queer tone; "not in the way you mean."

"Either you are," I say curtly, "or you aren't!"

"You don't understand, professor," he says. "It's a philosophical Nemesis."

"Don't give me no long words," I snap, I am that vexed and disappointed. "I want action!"

"You don't understand," he repeats. "All my life, I've cultivated my brain at the expense of my body. I just haven't known what it is to have a physique. But now," he says, and he looks down at himself in the moonlight; "now, I *have* a body—I have a *fine* body——"

"So what?" I sneer.

"Professor," he says simply, "I couldn't bear for anything to happen to it!"

I give a man a body, and he falls in love with it! I do not know how I stand there; I am that outraged, I am speechless; it is a wonder to me I do not warm his ears there and then.

I turn on my heel, before I do something I shall be sorry for, and start back up the road. I walk faster, to get away from him; but he keeps pace with me.

Twice he clears his throat, as though about to say something. But he does not say anything. He keeps striding along at my side. Just then a couple come round a corner, a little ahead, which leads up from the cinema. It is an ATS girl and a soldier—a big, broad-shouldered, swaggering young fellow; and as they come round the corner, he suddenly slips an arm about her and kisses her.

She tries to push him off, and I hear her voice, quite clear and angry:—

"John, you promised me——"

I stop dead, and so does Pendown. For the voice is Mary's!

Instinctively, I grip Pendown's arm. I want him to see this. This will show him up to himself. Now, he will see the way a pupil of mine who has spirit acts in a pinch. For the soldier is kissing Mary again, and it is obvious that his embrace is distasteful to her. She is struggling. He is wide open to any one of at least four standing throws, such as I have taught her. I wait confidently to witness his discomfiture.

But my confidence wanes. Horror creeps over me. For Mary is struggling ineffectually, like any untutored female. She has lost her head. She has forgotten all my admonitions.

Suddenly, Pendown jerks his arm from my grasp. He whips off his horn-rimmed spectacles; I see his face in the moonlight, and it is white and set. He runs forward, and the Don Juan lets go of Mary and turns to meet him. What he meets, (*Continued on page* 61)

Facing the music . . .

We have to face big risks in total war. But we also have the satisfaction of helping to hit back. And it is only fair to shoulder a share of men's responsibilities, since we claim most of their privileges. We have two parts to play. We must be brisk and businesslike, yet not lose our claim to charm. We must work hard and still be gracious at the end of day. We must guard ourselves, that outside irritations may not invade our homes. We must remember that the smallest personal neglect is temporary surrender to the enemy. Never must we tolerate the self-betrayal of careless grooming. With minutes and make-up so precious, we can pride ourselves on earning compliments. We must each put our best face forward every day. Never must we forget that good looks and good morale are close allies.

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however, is a straight right, delivered with vigour and timing, followed by a left hook which catches him as his knees wane.

The soldier subsides in a tired manner, with Pendown raging over him. "Get up! Get up, or I'll break every bone in your——"

Mary catches hold of his arm.

"Hugh—please! It's all right. He's quite harmless—only silly, that's all. He's my kid cousin. He——"

"Your cousin?" says Pendown. He stares at her. "You called him—'John,'" he says slowly. "Aren't you—aren't you *engaged* to someone called John?"

"Where on earth did you get that idea?" Mary exclaims. "Heavens, no—John's just my cousin. His people are over in India, so when he gets leave he always comes and stays near where I am stationed. I try to give him a good time, but the young ass will insist on thinking he's in love with me, and—well, that's why I went to Professor Whittle. I hated the thought of having to refuse to go out with young John, and I thought that if I gave him one thoroughly good shock, it might cure his romantic nonsense! Only somehow, when it came to it, all my ju-jutsu seemed to go right out of my head!"

This is only too true—as I am about to point out to her with some disgust. But they are not paying any attention to me. They are looking at each other in the moonlight, Mary and this "Brains Trust" Pendown, with Cousin John sitting at their feet working his jaw gently to and fro with his fingers.

"What made you think I was engaged?" Mary says suddenly, with a little laugh.

I am expecting Pendown to accuse me—for

Beloved Torso

I am free to confess it would appear I have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. But he does not.

He says: "Oh, I don't know. I——" His voice tails off. He looks down at Cousin John; then he looks at his knuckles. He flexes his fingers once or twice, and abruptly smiles. "Look, Mary," he says, "I've got a little job to do. I shan't be long, but—it's been on my mind for quite a time!"

With that, he turns and strides straight down the road towards "The Blue Monkey."

Mary looks so bewildered I have not the heart to upbraid her for her recent fiasco.

Instead, I say: "It's all right, Mary. A little personal interlude up at the gyms presently, and he'll be back. Meantime," I continue, "I can see I graduated you too soon. Have you forgotten *this* one?"

Cousin John has just got groggily to his feet, and, always a believer in example rather than words, I slip round behind him.

"Right forearm across adversary's throat," I say, suiting the action to the words; "right hand grasps own left forearm; left hand forces down back of adversary's head——"

"Of course," she says, absently. "Japanese stranglehold!"

But I might just as well not have bothered. For when I look round to see if Mary is following the lesson intelligently, I find she is gazing down the road after "Brains Trust" Pendown, with the moonlight shining in her eyes.

END

Upside-Down Hollywood (*Continued from page 29*)

buildings go up in flames. *Really* go up, I mean. When the burning scenes had been finished, the buildings were down on the ground, just as though the fire had taken place in your house or mine. But not any more. Wood is very precious in war days. So fire scenes have to be treated in a new way.

On the screen the flames are there, all right; they look just as real as before. But not one foot of wood gets even charred. By masking the framework of a building with asbestos, and then painting the asbestos to look like wood, the trick is pulled off, successfully. Gas jets are dumped in strategic positions. When the director gives the word, the gas hisses on, flames roar, cameras turn, and the fire goes its merry way. The director calls "Cut"; out goes the gas, and there stands the building, with not a scrap of damage done to the valuable woodwork.

The money that may be spent on any single set in a film has been cut to 5,000 dollars (£1,200, approximately); imagine what that means to an industry that thought nothing of a set costing ten times that money, twelve months ago. When Twentieth Century-Fox made *How Green Was My Valley* one set alone cost 100,000 dollars.

Hollywood's casting directors are facing a whole heap of trouble, at the moment. The search for leading men is on, in full fierceness, since so many of the top stars among actors are now in Army, Navy, or Air Force. Clark Gable has gone, so has Tyrone Power, and Ronald Reagan, and Jeffrey Lynn, and Cesar Romero, and James Stewart, and dozens of others. How to find enough males to fill all the leading roles that have to be filled is bringing grey hairs to the heads of every casting director in sight. But it is not only the search for actors that is driving them nuts; it is the fact that many of the loveliest actresses have taken themselves out of films for the duration, in order to be free to be with their husbands.

Once, in the far distant past, Hollywood was known as the nesting place of the world's most accomplished "Yes Men," to say nothing of the "Yes Ladies" who strolled the boulevards and thronged the studio casting offices. To-day, a bunch of hefty and emphatic gentlemen are saying "*No!*" to some of the biggest stars in films; and, what is more astonishing, they are being listened to with respect.

They are representatives of big insurance companies who cover many strange and varied aspects of film making. A company may insure itself against the illness of its leading stars, the theft of furs or jewellery from the set, or the fact that rain, snow, or an earthquake can unduly prolong the making of exterior scenes in a film.

Some of the oddest insurance policies in the world are drawn up in Hollywood; and because the premiums run into huge sums an insurance adjuster is well on the spot when one of these policies is in force.

Marlene Dietrich gave herself a lot of pain when she tripped over an electric light cable on the set, while carrying a baby in her arms. She broke her ankle, and work on the film was suspended for many weeks, until she could walk again. The studio recovered 100,000 dollars in insurance money, because of this delay. Jean Arthur is not allowed to have her pet dog on the set or anywhere near it, since a barking dog owned by another star ruined more than one shot.

Not so long ago, stars and their agents were putting up a constant fight to find out how much money the public would pay to see its favourites perform. In to-day's upside-down Hollywood the reverse is the case. Stars like Jack Benny and Bob Hope are giving dozens of free shows a month at Army camps, and such spots as the big Hollywood Canteen. From the Hollywood Victory Committee's Free Talent Pool a total of 484 players, most of them top-ranking names, have taken part in unpaid radio transmissions for the War Department, and in concerts given all over the States and also in Ireland and England for the troops.

Even love scenes are upside-down, nowadays. In *Hitler's Children* Bonita Granville and Tim Holt played a dramatic love scene in a prison cell, while she was being tortured by members of the Gestapo. Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers had their most tender love scene, in *Once Upon a Honeymoon*, in a Warsaw concentration camp. In *This Land is Mine* Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara play a love scene by some sort of remote control, while Laughton is on trial for his life, in a big court scene. In upside-down Hollywood you'll find love scenes going through in the strangest places—and nobody bats an eyelid.

END

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We Owe God a Death

(Continued from page 32)

not sure what he would find, remembering that her letters had been gossip not too well strung together, hopeful that he would get companionship and craving somebody to whom he could talk. Somebody who knew the world from which he had come and who would be ready to grope with him discovering the new one into which he had stepped, which still bewildered. He was lonely. Though he did not know it, he was ready to fall in love. He needed a background and someone in it to watch him struggle. But his letter said no more than that he had leave and would like to take her out.

The girl met him at the station. Until his letter arrived, he had been nothing more than a vague figure she could talk about when the girls in her office obtruded their own boy-friends. But his suggested meeting materialised him. It gave her somebody she could capitalise among them, somebody who flew and who would be going to Germany soon, perhaps even to Berlin itself. By the time they met, she had assumed proprietorial rights over him, an ownership which a previous nodding acquaintance did not justify and which he certainly did not expect. When he suggested a meal, she took him to one of the popular restaurants where he found that the noise killed all hope of conversation and then became thankful that it did.

They went to a cinema and he put her on the Underground to go home by herself.

"But aren't you coming with me?" she began to say, and then hurried on to explain that she meant was he not going to stay with his old landlady.

"I've got to be back first thing in the morning," he heard himself lying. As he saw her back disappearing down the escalator, he wondered why he had said it. The girl had been proud of being with a sergeant wearing the half-wing of a navigator. She had wanted to show him to her friends, though he had not brought across the Atlantic any of the silk stockings that would have finally established her position among them. He was suddenly sorry he had let her go, but drew some of his savings the next day and went to Lincoln, York and Edinburgh on his way back to his station, a Londoner in search of the things that were his country. He did not write to the girl again.

His first operational flight was a simple just-after-dark trip to a Channel port in Northern France. His captain had been on the same short run many times before and did not mind much whether he had an accurate navigator or not. He made a quick approach and told Fred when to let his bombs go. Anti-aircraft fire was coming up thickly as the bomb release was pressed and Fred discovered an emptiness in his stomach, a pit that he did not know existed. He was never to overcome that feeling when guns began firing from the ground below. It was to recur momentarily on all his future raids and be his particular phobia, his cliff edge on which he could not stand without feeling weak.

He went to the Channel ports twice more before navigating a Wellington to Germany. The firelighters were there before him on that first big trip and, for the last fifty miles of his course, he saw a glare in the sky from the target. He let his load go when the fire came in his sights, saw the flames split and heave as the bombs burst and then turned back to the business of plotting his course home.

Cloud thickened as the aircraft left the target. A gale, which had been a pleasant lift behind the heavily laden machine as it went out, buffeted against it as they came home. Stars were obscured. He had to rely on dead reckoning, careful computations of speed, wind, drift and time to argue his way against the weather.

"Pretty good time-table," the captain said in the interrogation room after they landed.

"Thank you, sir," said Fred, and went to bed. When he got up just before lunch, he went through the calculations of the trip again with an idea that he might have fluked an answer which God, in His wisdom, had seen fit to make correct. He was surprised when he found that he had not. He was never to get out of the habit of checking the answer that had proved to be right. It established his confidence, and the confidence others were to have in him.

After that he bombed a lot more fires in Germany before he was given a rest.

He was recommended for the D.F.M. after a sortie to the Ruhr. He had a bad-weather journey in and out and was taking an observation through the astro-hatch in the first bit of clear sky seen for some time, when a German night fighter attacked. He continued taking the observation while tracers flew past his head and bullets punctured the fuselage a few feet away. His gunners were firing all the time, but he paid no attention. He sat down at his table to work out his figures and position before the scrap was over.

"I'm afraid, sir, I'll have to have another go at it in a few minutes," he said over the inter-communication to his pilot. "I'm sorry, but I slipped when you 'jinked.'"

When he had made his second observation he nursed a dying rear-gunner back to base. He did not write to the man's widow. He went to see her.

He was resting, acquiring and reading books, training the newcomers, when the award was announced. The citation said that he had carried out many sorties over enemy territory and had proved himself a magnificent navigator, and mentioned the London suburb in which he had lived. The local paper gave a paragraph. Mr. Shard stuck the clipping in his shop window, and wrote to him. "That's our Fred," he never tired of saying. "I always told him the war 'ud be won in the air, that that was where he ought to be."

Fred answered the letter when it eventually reached him, but he said no more than that he hoped everything in the shop was going well. He was operational again and had just come back from the first thousand bomber raid, where he had been one of the leaders to start the fires of Cologne and flare-point the target.

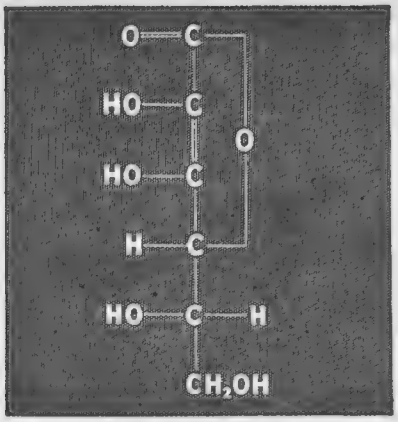
HE accepted a commission the following day—at the second time of asking. Memory of the shop had made him refuse on the first occasion. Mr. Shard's letter made him accept. He found, when he read it, that he could look at that part of his life impersonally, and see himself as a new individual, as somebody fulfilling in opportunity the character his boyhood had built. He had acquired faith in himself, though it was not enough to kill a momentary feeling that he was entering a strange world when he made his first appearance in an officers' mess, a world on that other side of the counter into which he had never stopped to think he might one day step.

He found that he was treated with respect; that what he had done counted, not what he had been, and he did not talk about what he meant to do. He took things as he found them—a willing, competent cog in the machinery of life.

His pilot in the daylight raid to Le Creusot, a boy whose family had been Wiltshire yeomen for many generations, took him home for a week's leave after that hedge-hopping run across France. They did nothing for seven warm, pleasant days but sit about and walk and talk occasionally. His friend's mother was content that they should. That her son, and someone who had been with him through the chance of death, was home, was enough.

It was not until some days later, as the two of them left to visit Genoa, that Fred discovered that her husband had been killed at Ypres in 1916.

Of their crew, they were the only two to come back from Genoa. Two others were killed and the remainder baled out, to be captured. Fred was told to jump when the machine was hit and caught fire. He said nothing, saw the others go, made certain that the two wounded were dead and then had another look at the flames that were burning up the machine. "Hi," he said over the



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keep dogs fit

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inter-communication, "are you coming?"

"Not until you've gone," came the answer. "That's an order, you damn fool. Get out!"

"I want to go to Wiltshire again."

"You won't be alive to."

The flames inexplicably went out at that moment. A trick of the wind snuffed them. Both remained in the aircraft and somehow got it back to England on two of the four engines.

They were bleary-eyed, and frozen stiff from the draught through the holes in the machine by the time they touched down without an undercarriage. There was nothing left to burn and they were only bruised by the bump. They were still stiff a few days later when they walked behind the coffins which took the bodies they had brought back to a decent burial in a village churchyard, stiff in their legs and their lips and drawn about the eyes.

"It's time you had a rest," the station commander told them. 'Fred said "Why?" which, used pugnaciously, is the most devastating word in the English language. He had learned a lot since he left the shop.

"Who goes to Turin?" they both asked, and both went.

His last trip was a routine run to the Ruhr. He went out as a pathfinder with a crew that had flown six times with him before. They stayed around over Duisburg for the best part of an hour after starting the party, watching it develop into a useful interference with German production.

A shell burst underneath them as they were leaving and Fred was completing his notes, assessing the result of the raid. It rocked the machine, but the only damage was a small hole in the body of the plane where Fred sat. A fragment of shell had come through. It had torn the collar of his flying clothes and cut his jugular vein. Some minutes elapsed before any one noticed what had happened. By then, when he didn't answer over the inter-communication and a gunner went along to find out why, it was too late to do anything. He was dead before they left Germany.

When they went to pack his things, a copy of *Henry IV*, Part II, fell open from usage at the recruiting scene. A pencil had marked the lines by Feeble, the woman's tailor:—

"We owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind."

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

detail and with some bitterness. The young poet was famous in London by the time he was sixteen as a political writer, and John Wilkes took notice of him. He died at eighteen. You can decide for yourself whether you think Chatterton was a genius after reading this book. I was unconvinced.

"Behold this Dreamer," by Gerald Savory (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.) tells of how small-town suspicion is raised against a congenital middle-class idiot who has always been quite harmless. Two murders are committed apparently by a madman. It is a remarkable study of an idiot, with his loving Auntie B, and of the struggle to clear him and avert tragedy.

The Waafs, with the wonderful work they are doing, are likely to become more and more the subject of, or the background for, books. In **"Aircraftwoman Grey"** (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.) Juliet Rhys Williams makes them the means of escape for a rich society heiress who has broken off her engagement on the eve of the wedding and joined the WAAF under an assumed name. From this naïve start the story develops on a fighter station during the Battle of Britain and ends with Bomber Command. "Much better than I expected," was my final verdict.

A short book for the last; **"The Judgment of Paris,"** by Margaret Cardew (Faber and Faber, 6s.). This is a cameo of life pre-war. The arrival of an American lecturer in Paris with a message to help people, fresh from her triumphs in her own country. The two English governesses, the clique of rich English society folk she meets who laugh at her and the interplay of their emotions and problems make an entertaining interlude.

END

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Our less varied wartime diet is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process, it helps the system back to regularity in a gentle, healthy way. Lixen is suitable for young and old.

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IF your youngster is inclined to be "chesty" start now with POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. Many a bronchial child has rapidly "grown out" of the complaint thanks to the wonderful properties of this old-fashioned remedy. Simply wonderful in Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, Congestion, etc. Thousands have used it on the advice of the family doctor.

Easy and pleasant to administer—just burn a little in a saucer during the sleeping hours. All Chemists, Herbalists and Stores 2/2 per tin (incl. pur. tax) or 2/5 post free from makers:—

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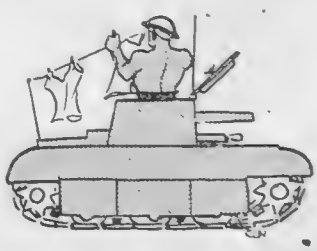

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"There's always plenty to be done in Chivers' Orchards before the fruit in its freshness is ready for picking. Of course, we use the fruit now for Jams and Canning, but like my Missus, I'm looking forward to the time when we're allowed to make JELLIES again. What a demand there will be then for fruit juices to flavour CHIVERS JELLIES, so you see why we must take great care of these famous Orchards."

CHIVERS JAMS & MARMALADE

still available in most districts, are prepared in the heart of the Country at

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For Extra Smartness the shoes of more & more officers are being polished with

NUGGET

MILITARY TAN
(the rich brown stain)
BOOT POLISH

USE SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

N/JK

Men Who Wait

(Continued from page 15)

Discussing Denmark's future with a Danish sea captain working for the Allies, I asked him what would happen to Clausen "afterwards." He made one of those gestures which mean the same in any language. I mentioned that King Christian is against capital punishment, and has never signed a death warrant in his life. "One exception can always be made," grunted the Dane, "and one is never too old to learn."

Staf de Clercq, Flemish nationalist leader; Leon Degrelle, the Belgian Rexist leader; Mussert, the Dutch Nazi; and a number of others, must wonder how their respective legal governments will view their activities when the lights go on in the cities again, and Hitler sleeps safely underground. It would be an idea to stuff Mussert and exhibit him as a typical specimen of the New Order leader in Europe.

A plump middle-aged man, with a bald forehead, and a Hitlerish nose in a silly moonish face, he married his own aunt just before the war, and tried to popularise himself by exhibiting a news reel of his home life. One scene showed his aunt-wife handing Mussert a cup of coffee. As this came on the screen in an Amsterdam theatre somebody shouted: "Thank you, auntie dear!" The local Nazis yelled for lights, the rest of the audience yelled back, and there was a riot, in which the Nazis were badly mauled.

Over in the Balkan-Black Sea zone, there is a worried puppet Chief of State, who, twenty years younger than the French Marshal he emulated, looks ten years older: the hollow-cheeked, shrunken Ion Antonescu. Of course, things have changed since he thought Britain was lost, America would never enter the war, and the Red armies were a push-over for Hitler's armoured mass.

HIS Iron Guard support has broken up. Sundry of his ministers and old supporters are in jail or disintegrating in quicklime. His country is a plaster structure held together by the wire of a special division of Himmler's S.S. troops moved down from Czecho-Slovakia.

Next door, Boris is reported to be riding events with notable calm. But then he has not lost eight divisions in Russia. He lets government men take responsibility for unpopular moves, like co-operating with the Germans and enacting anti-Jewish laws, while he moves forward for the sure-cheer scenes such as giving soldiers and officers the same rations, and realising Bulgaria's territorial ambitions after a war fought by Germany and Italy without Bulgarian participation.

With a powerful and efficient army at his back, and a number of people anxious not to see Bulgaria become a member state of the U.S.S.R., Boris waits with the dangerous quiet of a poker player who watches faces and gauges forces.

Among the mountain crags of Jugoslavia, hedged by the armies of Germany, Italy, Hungary and Bulgaria, waits Draja Mihailovich. The Partisans, rivals and not infrequently enemies of Mihailovich's Chetniks, think he waits too patiently. But then Mihailovich and his mainly Serb guerrillas wait for the Anglo-Americans, while the Partisans, mainly Croats and Slovenes, under leaders who include the communists Nagy, Lovrin and Tito, are for heading into Axis troops on sight, on the argument that the pressure on Russia is relieved thereby, this being all that matters. This and other arguments have provoked bloody clashes between the two guerrilla groups. But that's by the way, and just another reminder that Hitler is not the only headache on the European inner front. King Peter's Government gave Mihailovich his general's rank, and made him War Minister—he's the only member of an exile government to function in his native land.

When the Allies arrive, Mihailovich's guerrillas in the villages will dig up their weapons and go into action. But maybe they won't be shooting only Germans and Italians if Pavelich is still functioning as Croatian quisling.

The Duke of Spoleto was proclaimed King of Croatia as Zvonimir I, but wisely failed to turn up for his coronation, and Ante Pavelich took over. He's the leader of the Croat terrorist gang who assassinated Alexander and Barthou in Marseilles. He and his present aide, Budak, fled to Italy after that achievement. Picture conquered Ireland run by a mixture of Italians and Germans, with local rule turned over to the outlawed I.R.A., and you have a mild version of Croatian life just now.

There are various stories of what the Italian Cæsar thinks he is waiting for. He no longer rides Theine, his big chestnut mare, in the ring in the palm-and-pine embowered grounds of the Villa Torlonia. Sixty in July, he's aged fast in the last two years. Shocks apart—and who can doubt that losing an empire is a shock, especially after you have proudly titled yourself "Founder of the Empire"—he is too fond of young blondes for a man of his age.

On the other side of the Alps, General Guisan is waiting to revert to colonel. Normally, colonel is the highest rank in the Swiss militia. But traditionally, in a major European crisis, the little Alpine republic—four million Swiss comprising three cultural entities and speaking four languages—gives itself a commander-in-chief. As the job is unsuitable for the President, who's only elected for a year, and who, like all members of the Federal Council, steps out of a civilian job (Switzerland has no professional politicians—happy Switzerland!), a colonel gets the post, and general's rank with it.

There have been only three of these generals in the last century, the last two seeing the world's oldest democracy respectively through the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and the first World War. Guisan, one of the three army corps commanders, was observer with the Allied armies in the first World War. He could keep his half-a-million-strong army fighting in the mountains and valleys for two years.

As Laval waits, he strengthens his prætorian guard, the *Service d'Ordre Legionnaire*. It may hold off a lynching mob until the generals, perhaps with Mr. Murphy of the U.S. State Department (who during his Vichy sojourn became very friendly with some of the best Vichyites), arrives, and scold M. Laval, perhaps even keep him under house arrest in his luxurious chateau. The wily Provençal doesn't expect the guillotine. After all, he has not shot any of the politicos of the Third Republic, and, a cunning lawyer, he has kept strictly to legal forms. Pétain has endorsed or formally initiated his acts.

Those who know him say that Franco, fat but energetic and wily, is waiting for the Anglo-Americans to reach the Danube before the Russians cross the Vistula. Then he will feel sure that all his troubles are over. He'll stabilise his regime with a Bourbon restoration, get British and American money for reconstruction, and, with good luck, ride clear of the economic causes of the civil war, fill his people's stomachs, and bow acknowledgments of their blessings.

It's a comfortable dream. But Franco is a comfortable man. And his western neighbour, General Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona, President of Portugal since 1926, has blueprinted a soldier-politico's Utopia for him. All you have to do is find a Salazar and leave it to him.

Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, the "Invisible Dictator," was a professor when Carmona ended the incessant civil war of the political factions. Invited to make Portugal contented and prosperous—a job not in a professional soldier's line—he gathered a team and started to make a corporative state. His associates wanted more say in affairs. Salazar shrugged, and retired from politics. Inside two years his successors had got in such a mess that they begged the professor to return to politics. No one has interfered with Salazar since.

END

Venereal VD Diseases

"The alarming increase in these loathsome diseases makes it imperative that accurate knowledge should be given to the public and the simple facts frankly discussed."

SIR WILSON JAMESON,
Chief Medical Officer.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Why are Venereal Diseases a growing menace?

War-time conditions have brought about an increase in venereal diseases which are spread through free and easy sex relations. Many sufferers put off seeking medical advice and meanwhile spread the disease to others.

Why does this problem concern everybody?

Venereal diseases damage the nation's health, threaten the future of the race, cause wasted hours and reduced efficiency in the factories and Services. They are highly contagious. Husbands infect wives (and vice versa) and the infection may be passed on to unborn children, condemning them to a life of misery and ill-health.

Can Venereal Diseases "just happen"?

No. They are caused by germs which cannot grow in the human body of their own accord. Usually they enter the body during intercourse with an infected person.

What are the Danger Signals?

Syphilis first appears as a small ulcer on or near the reproductive organs from 10 to 90 days after infection; usually 21 days. The first sign of gonorrhœa is a discharge from the reproductive organs 2 to 10 days after infection.

Are Venereal Diseases dangerous?

Yes, very. If not treated by a skilled doctor syphilis can result in painful mutilation, heart disease, paralysis and insanity, any of which may cause death. Gonorrhœa is a cause of sterility in both sexes, chronic ill-health, and many other disabilities. The late effects of syphilis and gonorrhœa are the most terrible.

Can Venereal Diseases be cured?

Yes, but only by prompt and thorough treatment by a specialist doctor. Quack treatment and self-treatment are useless and even dangerous. Disappearance of the early symptoms does not necessarily mean cure. ONLY A DOCTOR CAN TELL WHEN IT IS SAFE TO STOP TREATMENT.

Free confidential advice and treatment are available at special clinics. These are sometimes attached to hospitals. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the local Health Department or the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.
(VD.4-30)

Vest and Pants

(*Continued from page 43*)

7½ ins. from casting on. Cast off 26 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work an inch on centre 16 sts. Cast on 26 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Now work until front corresponds to back, working rib and holes. Cast off. Pick up 62 sts. round each leg and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for an inch. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up sleeve shoulder and side seams of vest. Crochet chain and thread through neck. Sew in sleeves. Sew on button. Sew up side seams of pants. Crochet chain and thread through waist.

Crochet Matinée Coat

MATERIALS

3 oz. Wm. Hollin's Viyella 2-ply; a No. 8 bone crochet hook; 1 yd. narrow ribbon.

BACK

Start at shoulders by working 63 ch. Into 3rd ch. away, put 5 tr. * Into 3rd ch. away put 1 d.c. Into 3rd ch. away put 5 tr. Rep. from * to end of row, ending 5 tr. Work 2 ch. Turn.

Next row.—* 1 d.c. into the middle of the 5 tr. of previous row, then 5 trs. into d.c. of previous row; rep. from * to end of row, ending 5 tr. Work 2 ch. Turn.

Rep. this last row until there are 9 ins. in depth, keeping the 11 shells all the way up. Fasten off.

FRONTS (two alike)

Start at shoulder and work 21 ch. Work as back for 4 rows, then turn with 2 ch. and make 5 tr. in first st. of previous row, 1 d.c. in third st., etc., as other rows. Inc. in this manner at one side only until there are 6 shells in a row. Work straight until this piece is same length as back.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Work 39 ch. Work as back for 6 ins. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up sleeve and shoulder seams, and side seams up to within 3 ins. of top. Sew in sleeves by beg. chain. Work into neck as follows: * 2 ch., 1 tr. into neck edge; rep. from * all round.

2nd round.—1 d.c., then 5 tr. into each hole of previous row. Thread ribbons in neck and cuffs, turning cuffs back first.

END

Pinafore Jersey

(*Continued from page 43*)

Do the same to the four revers, pairing them off, thus forming double revers. Sew collar to decreased edge of revers, and the centre of collar to back of neck. Crochet round *top* of sleeve hems on *right* side and round edges of revers and collar as in illustration as follows (use red): * Into first hole put 1 d.c., 1 tr., 1 d.c. Rep. from * all along, keeping close enough to make a frilly edge. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Sew in revers by the shoulders. Sew crimson front down on to revers, making right rever overlap left by 1½ ins. Fasten it with press studs.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more crimson is needed.

36-IN. SIZE

BACK.—Cast on 112 sts. instead of 104. Inc. to 144 sts. instead of 136. Reduce to 104 for shoulders and continue as 34-in. size.

38-IN. SIZE

Work as 36 size using No. 9 needles for the back and front.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½d

REFILLS 7d & 11½d
(Including Purchase Tax)
Prices U.K. only.

NO MESS
NO WASTE
the last brushful is as effective as the first

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½ rations of polish are still enough if full advantage is taken of the unrivalled durability of the RONUK SHINE

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A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

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THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

PURE Coffee at its Best!

Vacuum Packed-Always Fresh

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Creamy. Delicious. Nourishing

ROYAL

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DESSERT

EASILY MADE-EASILY DIGESTED. NO SUGAR NEEDED

4½D EACH PER PINT PACKET

3 FLAVOURS
CARAMEL
CHOCOLATE
VANILLA

Equally delicious served HOT or COLD

PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

Portrait Of A Gauleiter (*Continued from page 19*)

new régime. The janitor had no reason to doubt Bouchlifet, who did his unpleasant job quietly and well and never swore even when the Nazis jeered.

But Bouchlifet, like Tricot, was not all that he seemed. He had at one time been quite a clever electrician, but his crippled legs had proved a handicap in peace time.

On one pretext or another he managed to spend quite a lot of time in the basement where the Nazis kept considerable quantities of tinned foods. But it was not a tin of meat —welcome as that would have been—that attracted him to the basement. It was an ingenious little battery, fitted with a minute earphone, that claimed his attention on these furtive and hurried visits.

A cleverer man than Bouchlifet had supplied him with the apparatus and told him where to look for certain wires. After weeks of nervous searching, he had found the one he wanted in a disused water pipe in the basement. Bit by bit, he had pulled through the lengths of copper wire and adjusted the battery. How he would ever smuggle out the apparatus he dared not think, but for the present, at any rate, the forces of Free Belgium could tap His Excellency's private telephone.

He was listening now, hoping that soon he would hear something that would mean ruin for thousands of Nazis. But this message was like all the rest, very small beer. The gauleiter's querulous tones drifted down to the basement.

"M. Haller? Good. I should like to have a look at the portrait before it is framed. This evening. Yes, six o'clock." He hesitated, "And, by the way, if that red-headed model of yours happens to be there, I'd like to take her to supper. Get in touch with her, will you?"

Bouchlifet replaced the tiny earphone with a grimace of disgust. All this was a waste of time, and highly dangerous into the bargain. He carefully draped the top of the pipe with a piece of old sacking and hobbled back to the kitchen. He had been told to report *all* conversations, however unimportant, without delay. He would pass on what he had heard to Marcel at the *bistro*.

AN hour later, after being roughly searched by a sentry, he was allowed to leave for his lunch. He stumped down the road, boarded a tramcar and got off at the Place Neuilly. He was soon at the familiar zinc bar, chewing slowly on a garlic sausage sandwich which was rapidly pursued by a draught of rather thin bock. Wiping his lips on his sleeve, he looked around cautiously and then leaned over the bar.

"Tell Charles that I have a little something for his ear."

The barman nodded briefly and continued to wipe a glass. He also raked the bar with a quick glance before diving into an inner room. He was back in a few seconds and nodded sideways. Bouchlifet lit a cigarette and wandered casually towards the beaded curtain.

Sitting at the table were two men, a little man with a greyish goatee beard and wearing pince-nez, and a heavily built youth with the shoulders of a wrestler.

"Comment ça va, mon vieux?" the older man greeted Bouchlifet.

"Pas mal," grunted the cripple. "I overheard the pig of a Hun say that he was visiting Haller, the painter, at six to-night." He shrugged. "It is not much, but I thought you wanted to hear everything that passed on the telephone."

"You have done well, mon ami," said the older man warmly. Then he stroked his beard and appeared to be heavily in thought. Bouchlifet had a sudden sense of great events.

"Shall we ambush the pig and kill him?" he asked eagerly, passing a grimy forefinger across his throat.

The man with the goatee smiled. The muscular youth burst out laughing. Bouchlifet glared at him but said nothing.

"No, my good friend, we shall not slit his throat." The pince-nez were laid carefully on the tablecloth. Without them the man's eyes looked hard and very keen. "If we disposed of Werner they would shoot hundreds of Belgians and replace him by someone even worse." He looked thoughtful. "But your information has been very valuable and you have served your country well. Carry on, my friend."

Bouchlifet shuffled out to the bar and drank another beer.

The gentleman who wore pince-nez spent a busy afternoon. He paid several quiet visits all over the city, seeing a miscellaneous collection of people. A few hours later he was deeply in conversation with Tricot. Meanwhile, the stolidly built young man was passing the word to several Belgians who seemed to have little in common but big shoulders and most determined looks.

At six sharp His Excellency Major-General Friedrich Werner stepped from his car outside M. Haller's mansion.

"Wait here," he told the chauffeur. He flicked the lapel of his overcoat, adjusted his gold-braided cap and pushed hard on the doorbell. The door opened and quickly closed behind him.

"What——?" he demanded angrily, finding himself in complete darkness. Then a chunk of granite crashed into his face, and spurts of pain shot through his large frame as blows rained on him. He collapsed with a low moan. The electric lights flashed on, but His Excellency did not enjoy their benefit. He was completely unconscious.

Three men, led by the young giant from the *bistro*, carried him up M. Haller's handsome staircase and into the studio. But M. Haller was not there to greet him, nor the pretty model. She had been warned to plead a headache if the artist rang her. Haller himself was at that moment sitting most uncomfortably in his bedroom, securely tied to a chair and with a gag in his mouth.

"Now, hurry up," said the man with the pince-nez.

Tricot did not need the warning. He was already undressing the prostrate German, assisted by one of the young men. When the clothes lay in a heap on the floor he walked round Werner and looked carefully at his face.

"I think it will do," he said soberly. While they trussed up the German he dressed himself in the handsome white uniform.

It did not take him long to change, but it was several minutes before he was satisfied with his false black moustache. He kept bobbing back from the mirror to take another look at Werner's profile. When he was satisfied at last he swaggered across the room.

"Ach, these Belgians, we must exterminate them," he said in guttural French. It was His Excellency to the life.

"Epatant!" exclaimed the chief. "It is your best performance, Tricot. I wish I were going with you."

Tricot bowed low as if he were on the stage. "Merci. But my performance has only just begun." He picked up the brief case which the chief had placed on the table. "I can never thank you enough, my good friends." He waved his hand. "Vive la Belgique!"

He walked downstairs with beating heart. Absurd to have stage fright, he told himself urgently. This was just another performance. He had a moment's panic when the chauffeur reached for the brief case as he stepped into the car.

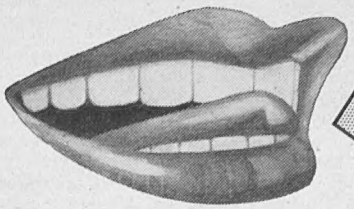
"St. Pierre airport, at once," he snapped, waving the man aside.

"Yes, Excellency," said the chauffeur, clicking his heels.

All too soon they were driving past the sentry. Tricot turned up the collar of the greatcoat and prayed that his nerve would not fail. He wasn't scared for himself, but it would be a tragedy to lose that brief case.

He got out of the car and looked around vaguely. Luckily, the sentry at the gate had telephoned through to the station commander's office. A thin springily built man in the uniform of the (*Continued on page 68*)

ACID FUR



DETECT IT THIS WAY!

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? That's *acid fur*, staining and spoiling your teeth; *acid fur* the hidden enemy which starts decay.

RID TEETH OF ACID FUR

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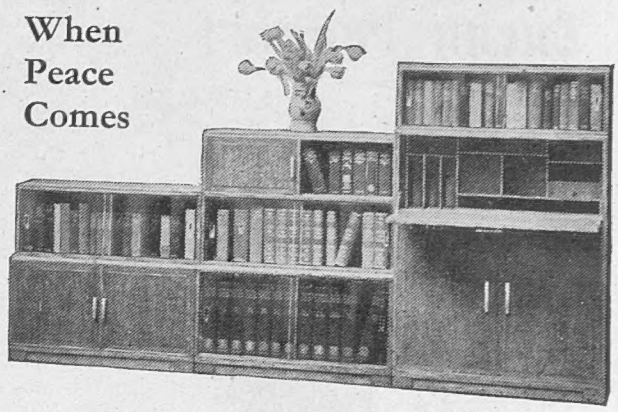

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Luftwaffe came out of a hut and clicked his heels in front of Tricot.

"Your Excellency, this is an honour. I——"

"Thank you," growled the actor in German. "I wish for a plane to take me to Paris at once. I have no time."

Another little click, a smart salute, and the commander shouted an order. "It will be a few minutes, Excellency," he said deferentially. "I shall arrange for a two-seater Junkers to be on the tarmac before you have smoked a cigarette." He saluted again and hurried away.

The pilot was a tallow-haired young man with very blue eyes. He looked absurdly youthful. Tricot the actor could not resist squeezing every ounce out of a good part. He scowled at the commander.

"Himmel," he spat angrily, "is this boy to fly me?"

The officer frowned. "One of our best pilots," he said coldly. "He has fought on the Russian Front."

"Let us not waste time in talk," said the actor, climbing into the plane behind the pilot. "Where is my parachute?"

The young man looked around with a smile.

"It will not be necessary, your Excellency," he said politely. "We shall be in Paris in little over an hour." But Tricot was already buckling on his harness. The pilot shrugged and turned back to the controls.

The ground lights slid away and the plane roared into the night.

Tricot glanced at his watch. They had crossed the frontier by now, he judged. He wriggled in his seat and dug his fingers into his pocket. He groped for the automatic and his fingers closed over the butt. Then he reached for the inter-comm. with his free hand.

"I have changed my mind, leutnant," he barked. "Head the plane for the English coast." He could feel his heart thudding against his ribs. He had heard that Nazis obeyed commands like robots, without asking questions; if not, he was ruined.

"Yes, Excellency," said the pilot, and Tricot felt the plane banking suddenly.

The pilot broke off and turned his head. "Your Excellency, we are over Dieppe."

Portrait Of A Gauleiter

Tricot was seized with panic. He moved forward quickly and pressed the revolver into the small of the pilot's back.

"Go on," he croaked.

The pilot gulped and turned a sickly colour. As yet his mind could not take in the full significance of the order. All he could focus was the disappearance of his dreams of a night in Paris. Then, as the dark waves swayed beneath the aircraft, he became practical. His Excellency was probably repeating Rudolf Hess's exploit. He recalled his passenger's irritable insistence on a parachute.

"We have no ammunition, Excellency," he muttered.

"No matter," said Tricot curtly. "As soon as you reach England I shall bale out. You can return to base." He dug the revolver into the other's ribs. "And no nonsense, remember."

Then the pilot did a strange thing. He laughed, a wild, strange laugh with a hint of hysteria in it.

"Excellency, I hear that they serve German prisoners with three good meals a day. In a few days I was to go back to the Russian Front." He laughed again, but it was not pleasant to hear. He was fixing his parachute. "Get ready to jump, Excellency," he called out.

A few minutes later, Tricot was floating down to earth. He heard the crash of the aircraft and recalled the laughter of the pilot. Then he, too, began to laugh. The feel of the brief case was comforting to his hand and it gave him a glowing sensation to know that soon he would be handing over its precious contents to certain Belgian officials in London.

But he was laughing for another reason. He was thinking of that mansion in Brussels. Werner would be like an angry bull when he recovered consciousness in his underclothes. He would look for a scapegoat and refuse to believe that he had not been betrayed. Haller would find it most difficult to be convincing.

The way of a quisling was indeed hard.

END

Unusual Dogs (*Continued from page* 42)

grows in the opposite direction to the rest. This topsy-turvy characteristic has not yet been explained, yet the Phu-Quoc never misses his hirsute ridge and has had it since heaven knows when.

The better-known Rhodesian Ridgeback, seen at most of the really large dog shows, also has a ridge of stiff hair which grows "upside down," and some years ago, through research, I concluded that he got this peculiarity from the Phu-Quoc Dog. The Phu-Quoc's ridge of reverse hair is quite clearly defined and runs full length up the back—in dog language "from set-on to withers." The terminal flourish which is shaped like a crescent is just below the shoulders—not even the Rhodesian Ridgeback has this.

The Southern Pacific is rich in little-known breeds of dogs. Take, for example, the unfortunate Philippine Edible Dog, now slowly blossoming out of obscurity as the Philippine Islands nature dog, thanks mainly to the effort of the American Department of Animal Husbandry. Until quite recently this dog was a favourite delicacy with the natives of Lugon. Fattened with rice, the hound was roasted with native tubers and eaten amid piquant sauces and celebrational noises on almost every date that suggested a feast. The practice is officially frowned upon now, but apparently the islanders consider their edible dog tastes too good to be forgotten in a hurry.

Returning from the Far East to Europe, we can take a look at the Hungarian Komondor, a very rag-tag sort of fellow for a Magyar. Hungarian shepherds can just about tell which end of the dog is his business end, but to the uninitiated it is certainly not easy. I should perhaps explain that the sheep of the Hortobagy are not as tame as the English sheep; they have more dash and have to be herded with extreme caution. Not even an experienced Welsh Collie could get within useful range of them unless disguised.

Therefore the Komondor must needs be incognito, in sheep's clothing, as it were, to be able to do his job thoroughly. It takes years to grow the heavy cloak of mats and tangles under which he operates—he's about at his best when his coat is five years old and trailing the ground.

As an amazing contrast, the Komondor, when in the cities and prepared for exhibition, has his mats unravelled, and the wool plaited into chains, or links, which hang gracefully down each side of his body. He looks all the world as though he's borrowed his mistress's white cable-stitch jumper.

Three of the most unusual of the wealth of queer-looking dogs found in South America are the Crab-eating Dog, the Short-eared Dog, and the Bush Dog.

Probably the most timid of the rare breeds is the Short-eared Dog. As far as I know, only one specimen has yet been captured alive, which goes to prove that its reputation for caution is not merely founded on rumour.

Now for sheer unloveliness the Bush Dog of Brazil takes the dog biscuit. The illustration shows him as he really is: short tailed, dumpy and piggy. Small wonder some years ago one was sent to the London Zoo labelled as a Badger, to the undoubted consternation of the officials.

END

1.5.43

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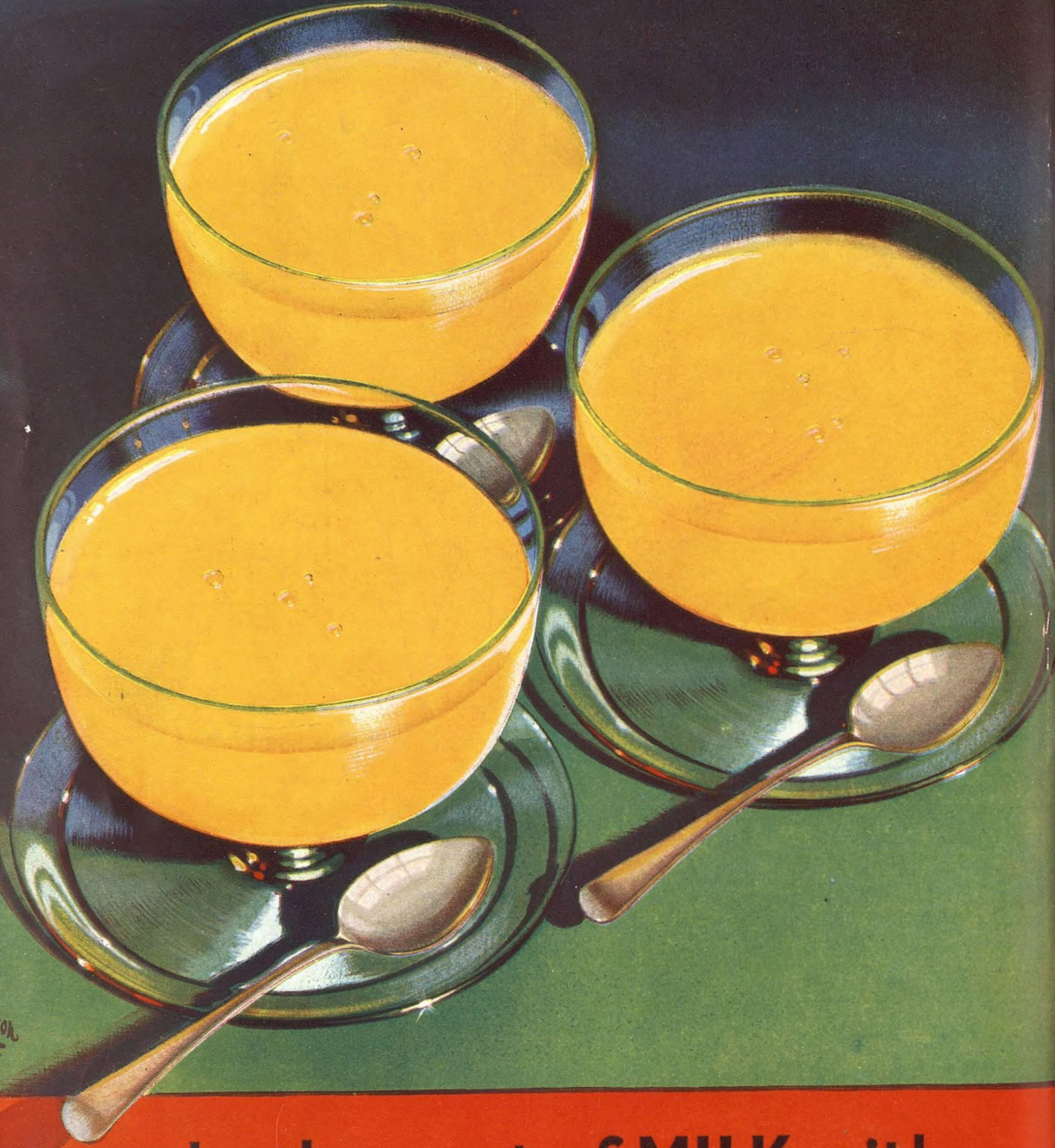

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